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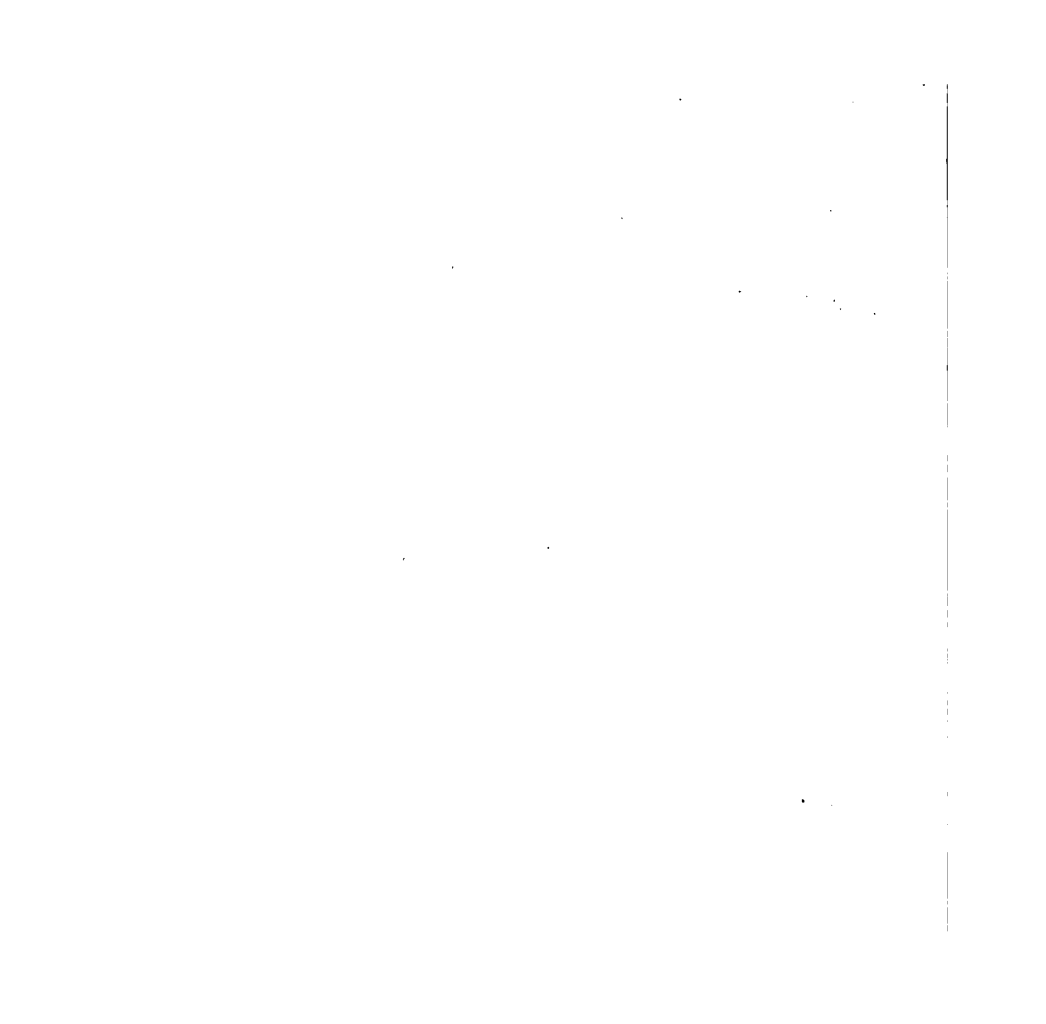
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**BOUGHT WITH MONEY  
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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,  
BOOKS XI AND XII,  
TRANSLATED INTO VERSE.

BY  
W. DAWSON BROWN,

*(Translator of Books V. to X.)*

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***Montreal:***  
PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.  
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to

His Royal Highness

Prince Arthur.

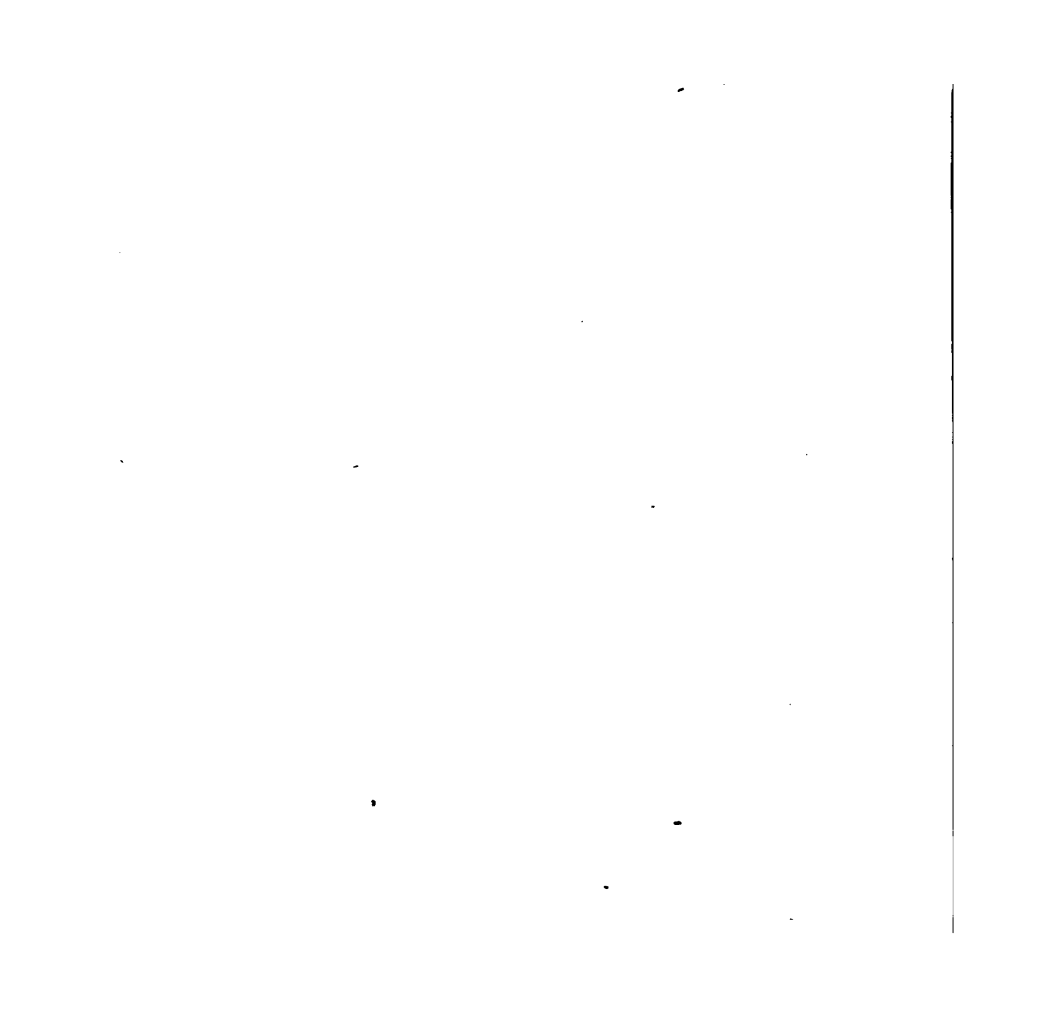




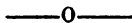
## CONTENTS.—BOOK XI.



Ænéas, having first in honour of Mars made a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, arranges and despatches the funeral procession of Pallas. At the request of the Rutulians, a truce of twelve days is agreed upon for the funeral rites of the slain of both armies. This had scarcely been accomplished when the ambassadors, previously sent to sue for aid from Diomed, return with an unfavourable answer. On receiving their report, in council assembled, Latinus, backed by Drancès, a personal enemy of Turnus, advocates peace; Turnus—the continuance of the war. The council is broken up by the news that Ænéas was moving his army against the city. Turnus, overjoyed, issues orders to the forces: and, at the request of Camilla, it is agreed that she should encounter the cavalry, sent in advance to scour the plain; while Turnus would lay snares for the main army, at a gorge through which they had to pass. After a severe engagement, in which Camilla performs great feats of valour, she is slain by Aruns: which loss is followed by a complete rout. News of the disaster being conveyed to Turnus, he, in obedience to the dying request of Camilla, abandons his station for the defence of the city. Ænéas with his army follows close after him: but an engagement is prevented by the approach of night.



## ÆNEID, B. XI.



Meanwhile Aurora rising left the sea.  
Æneas—tho' pressed by anxiety  
Time to give for burying of his dead,  
And 'bout the funeral \* disquieted—  
With the first dawn Gods' vows did victor pay.  
Large oak—from all sides branches cut away—  
On mound he placed, and clothed with armour  
bright—  
Spoils of Mezentius—trophy of the fight,  
Great God of War, to thee ; on several parts  
Fits the man's crests blood-dropping ; and the darts  
By the conflict wrecked ; and the breastplate, too,  
Thrust in twice six places and pierced through :  
With shield of brass the left side he does deck,  
And the ivory-hilted sword suspends from neck.

Then his exulting friends (for a whole crowd  
Of leaders hemmed him in) he exhorts aloud :—  
The greatest thing, O men, accomplishèd,  
Of what remains all fear be banishèd.  
These spoils the first fruits are of haughty king :  
My hand did to this pass Mezentius bring !  
Now lies to Latin king and walls our way :  
Arms ready have ; anticipate the fray  
With spirit, hope ; lest, when High Gods concode  
Standards to lift and forth camp youth to lead,  
Any delay you ignorant impede  
And any care you slow through fear retard.  
Let us, meanwhile, corpses unburied, scarred,  
Of friends to the earth commit ; which alone  
Remains of honours 'neath deep Acheron.\*  
Go, says he, decorate with last guerdon  
Illustrious sprites, who by their blood have won  
For us this home. But first be sent with gloom  
To city of Evander—Pallas, whom—  
Not destitute of valour—snatched away,  
And in death bitter whelmed, the doleful day.  
Weeping he spoke : and steps to threshold bends

Where lifeless Pallas' body placed attends  
The old Acetès, who before had been  
Parrhasian \* Evander's arm'-bearer keen,  
But not with auspices like happy went  
When of belovèd charge attendant sent.  
Whole menial band and Trojan crowd were there,  
And Ilium's matrons, loosed by wont their hair.  
But when Ænëas entered portals high,  
Beating their breasts they raise to stars loud cry :  
Rebellow with sad grief the hall. As he  
Propped head and Pallas' features wan did see,  
And on smooth breast the gashed wound that appears  
Of Ausonian steel—he thus speaks, starting tears :—  
Has Fortune, says he, when she came in joy  
Envied me thee, O pitiable boy !  
That thou shouldst see at length our kingdom made  
And victor be to father's seat conveyed.  
Not these the promises concerning thee  
I parting gave Evander sire, when he,  
Having embraced, to high command me sent  
And fearing uttered this admonishment—  
The men are fierce ; with hardy race the war.

And now indeed, with vain hope filled afar,  
Mayhap he vows makes and gifts is bestowing;  
Whilst, grieved, the youth extinct and nought now  
owing

High Gods, with vain pomp we accompany.  
Unhappy! thou shalt son's sad funeral see.  
These our returns! Our hoped-for triumphs these!  
This the great confidence that once did please!  
But thou shalt not, Evander, him descry  
Repulsed by shameful wounds: nor (father) sigh,  
Tho' safe thy son, dire funeral to espy.  
Ah me! how great a guardian dost thou,  
Ausonia, lose!—how great, Iulus, thou!

When thus he wailed, he bids be borne away  
Lamented corse: and, chosen from whole array,  
A thousand men he sends to accompany  
Last pomp, and present with sire's tears to be—  
Small consolation of great grief, but due  
To a miserable sire. Not slothful, too,  
Others a hurdle and lithe bier inweave  
With arbut branches and oak twigs—and grieve:

Couch reared they shade with leaves too—covering  
rare.

Then high they place the youth on rustic layer :  
Like flower by hand plucked of some maiden fair—  
Or drooping hyacinth or violet ;  
Its brightness nor its grace departed yet ;  
Dam earth now feeds it not and strength supplies.  
Then, stiff with gold and gay with purple dyes,  
Two robes Ænêas brought ; which erst, 'twas said,  
Herself Sidonian Dido him had made  
With her own hands, and of the labour glad,  
And with fine gold the web distinguished had.  
With one of these he, mourning, does attire  
The youth—last honour ; and, destined for fire,  
Hair with the other—as with veil—bedight.  
The prizes many of Laurentian fight  
He piles ; and spoil bids in long line be led :  
Horses he adds and arms foe-plunderèd.  
Behind backs, too, he hands had bound of those  
Whom victims he to Shades send did propose—  
The flame about to sprinkle with blood shed.  
Themselves the leaders, too, he orderèd



Branches to bear along of trees arrayed  
In the foemen's arms, and the names displayed.  
Accetes old is led the pomp to grace,  
Now marring breast with fists—with nails now face ;  
And, sinking, at full length on earth is strewed.  
Car, too, they lead with blood Rutulian dewed :  
Behind goes war horse Æthon, stript of gear,  
And, weeping, moistens face with many a tear.  
Others spear bear and helm : of all the rest  
Victorious Turnus had himself possessed.  
Sad phalanx, then, the Trojan chiefs ensue—  
Tyrrhenians—arms reversed, Arcadians too.  
When far whole line attendant had passed on,  
Ænëas stood, and thus speaks with deep moan :—  
Same horrid fates of war hence us impel  
To other tears. For me a long farewell !  
Forever, noble Pallas, fare-thee-well !  
Nor having spoken more his steps he bent  
Towards high walls ; and into camp he went.  
From Latin city now heralds proceeding  
Arrived ; with olive veiled, and favour pleading—  
That he the bodies, which lay scattered o'er

The plains by fight, would freely them restore  
And suffer to an earthly tomb succeed  
(No contest with the vanquished from life freed)—  
Host, called once, and father-in-law would spare :  
Whom, begging things never denied to prayer,  
Good Ænëas hears, and with suit complied ;  
And gracious adds thus much in words beside :—  
What scurvy fortune, Latins, you decoyed  
To such a war, who us your friends avoid !  
Peace for those in battle slain ask ye ? Indeed  
Even to the living we would peace concede ;  
Nor come had I but that the Fates this place  
And seat assigned—I war not with this race :  
Your king our hospitable league did break  
And did to Turnus' arms himself betake.  
That Turnus to such deaths himself expose  
Had juster been. If war he did propose  
By force to end, if Trojans to expel—  
Me with these arms to have met became him well :  
Had lived—whom god or right hand live permitted.  
Go—to poor citizens be fires submitted.

Ænëas spoke: they silent were amazed,

And, faces turned, upon each other gazed.  
Then Drancès—old, and 'gainst young Turnus aye  
Fierce with hate and blame—does answering say:—  
O Trojan, great by fame, more by deeds great,  
With what due praises may I thee elate?  
Thy justice, first, or warlike toils admire?  
Assuredly these words, at thy desire,  
We back to native city will convey:  
And, if fortune grant shall any way,  
Thee with the Latin king in league will bind:  
Let Turnus for himself alliance find.  
Nay, fated walls to raise will give us joy—  
To bear on shoulders stones for this your Troy.

He spoke: assented all with one acclaim.  
For granted truce they then twice six days name:  
And, whilst it lasted, harmlessly through grove  
The Trojans, with the Latins mixed, did rove  
The ridges o'er. To axe sounds lofty ash;  
Star-piercing pines they overturn with crash;  
Nor oak and cedar rank to split cease they,  
Nor in creaking wains, wild ashes to convey.  
Fame, the forerunner of a grief so great,

That had to Latium borne Pallas, but late,  
Victorious, now, flying swift, possesses  
Evander—palace—city's walled recesses.  
Arcadians rushed to gates, and, by wont, they  
Hurry funereal torches: shines the way  
With long line of flame, and shows wide the lands.  
Crowd Trojan meeting joins the wailing bands;  
Whom when mothers saw, and near roofs they came,  
With clamours they the city sad inflame.  
But could not any violence restrain  
Evander: he the middle crowd did gain;  
Himself on Pallas body forward flings,  
When stopped the bier, and weeping, moaning clings;  
And scarce at length, through grief, voice found a  
way:

Not, Pallas, this thy word, sire pledged sad day—  
That in fell Mars thou cautiously wouldst trust.  
Well knew I in arms what new glory's lust,  
And praise, delicious in first fight, could do.  
Wretched first-fruits of youth! Rudiments too  
Of neighbouring war severe! And my prayers, vows,  
Heard by no God! And thou, O sainted spouse,

Blest in thy death, nor for this grief retained !  
Whilst I have conquered Fates by life, remained  
Parent—survivor! Me, who did pursue  
The allied arms of Trojans, with darts due  
Rutulians should have whelmed ; myself blood shed ;  
And this pomp me, not Pallas, home have led !  
Nor, Trojans, you I'll blame ; nor leagues ; and not  
Right hands in friendship joined : this was the lot  
Due to our old age. But, if son awaited  
Untimely death, happy had he been fated,  
Having first thousands slain of Volscians bleeding,  
To fall when Trojans into Latium leading.  
Nor, Pallas, thee with other pomp I'll grace  
Than have Ænëas and great Trojan race,  
Tyrrenian leaders, and the army all.  
Thy trophies lo !—of slain right hand withal !  
Turnus, thou, too, huge trunk in arms hadst stood—  
Equal his age—with strength as years endured.  
But wretched I !—from arms why Trojans stay ?  
Go—faithful make to king report, and say  
That I endure life hated—Pallas dead—  
The cause is thy right hand, which (merited)

To son and sire, thou seest, does Turnus owe :  
This sole requital left thee to bestow—  
Life's joys nor seek I, nor allowed, but this—  
To bear to son in Shades' profound abyss.

Aurora, meanwhile, shed on wretched men  
Bland light, and bids to toil and moil again.  
Ænëas now and Tarchon on curved shore  
Reared funeral pyres. Hither they all bore  
The corpses each of friends—as sires of yore :  
And when dark flame, subjected, had prevailed,  
As with night's shades the sky with smoke is veiled.  
Begirt with arms bright, round lit piles they thrice  
On foot did course ; on horses compassed thrice  
Death's mournful fires, and wailings uttered ;  
Both ground and arms bedewed are with tears shed :  
To heaven their shouts with clang of trumpets go.  
Then others on the fires the spoils do throw  
Which had from Latins slain been snatched away—  
Helmets, and swords with decorations gay,  
Bridles, and glowing wheels : part, gifts well known—  
The men's own shields, and darts not timely flown.  
Around are sacrificed to Death much kine ;

And, from all fields swept, sheep and bristly swine  
They butcher for the flames : then o'er whole shore  
Their burning friends they view, and watch before  
The half-burnt pyres ; nor severed are, till night  
Inverted had the sky star-studded, bright.

No less, in part quite different of field,  
The wretched Latins numerous pyres did build :  
And bodies of men many partly they  
To earth commit, partly bear away  
To neighbouring grounds, and back to city send :  
The rest—huge heap where slain promiscuous blend—  
Numbered nor honoured burn. Then everywhere  
Wide fields with frequent fires contending glare.

Already now third day with dawning light  
From sky had swept the gelid shades of night :  
High piles of ashes and mixed bones they, grieving,  
Strewed—o'er all a mound of earth tepid heaving.  
'Neath rich Latinus' city's roofs the chief  
Resonance was—part greatest far of grief.  
Here mothers ; and brides wretched ; breasts that  
throbbed  
Of yearning sisters ; boys of fathers robbed—

Dire war and Turnus' nuptials exocate :  
He alone, they urge, he should brave war's fate,  
Who sovereignty for self does arrogate.  
Fierce Drancès them abets, and word does plight  
That Turnus sole demanded is for fight.  
For Turnus, at the same time, is expressed  
Many a judgment in words various dressed :  
And him o'ershadows, too, the queen's great name ;  
Sustains the man (by trophies won) much fame.

Whilst they in these dissensions are engaged,  
Even while the hottest of the tumult raged,  
Lo ! sad, from city of great Diomèd,\*  
The ambassadors responses bring, and said :—  
That nothing had their labours all availed,  
Nor gifts, nor gold, nor prayers great prevailed ;  
That other aid the Latins must pursue,  
Or they the Trojan king for peace must sue.  
Swoons from great grief himself Latinus king ;  
The anger of the Gods admonishing  
Clearly, and recent tombs before their eyes—  
That comes Ænèas doomed by Destinies.  
Therefore he gives command, great council calls,



And his chief friends—to meet within high walls.  
They did convene; and by full ways they flow  
To royal dome. Clouded his front with woe,  
Latinus in the middle takes his seat.  
Him by age greatest, sceptre first, they greet.  
And to report he bids the envoys remanded  
From Ætolian city\*; replies demanded  
In order all. Then, silence being made,  
'Gins Venulus, \*obedient, and thus said:—  
We Diomèd, O citizens, have seen  
And Argive camp: measuring space between,  
All haps we have surmounted, and the hand  
Have touched by which succumbed the Ilian land.  
City Argyripa \* he, safe, had founded  
(Of country's name and fame the name compounded)  
In fields Iapygian of Garganus.  
Entered: and he to free speech did constrain us—  
We gifts present; our name and country tell;  
Who did wage war; to Arpi what us impel.  
When heard, he thus with placid voice did say:—  
O happy people, erst 'neath Saturn's sway,  
Ancient Ausonians, what vexed fortune you,

Peaceful, persuades unknown war to pursue ?  
We all, who Ilian fields with sword profaned  
(I waive what 'neath Troy's walls in fight obtained,  
What men were borne by famed Simöis' tide),  
Dread punishments have earned the world wide—  
Have through all penalties of guilt been led—  
Band even by Priam to be pitièd :  
This Minerva's star \* replete with woe ;  
Euboic rocks ; Caphareus \* vengeful—know.  
To various shores we from that warfare driven :—  
Atridès (Menelaus) exile given  
Far as Proteus' columns ; Ulysses' sees  
(Such was his fate) the Ætnean Cyclopès.  
Shall I of Neoptolemus' realm tell ?  
Idomeneus' subverted house as well ?  
Or Locrians on the Lybian shore that dwell ?  
Even he, the leader of great Argive host,  
Agamemnon, victor from Asian coast—  
Upon the very threshold of his house  
Falls by the right hand of adulterous spouse.  
Gods grudged that I, to native shore borne on,  
Should loved wife see and pleasant Calydon.

Now, too, portents of dreadful guise ensue,  
And my lost friends the air with wings pursue  
(Dire punishment), birds they frequent the streams,  
And make high cliffs resound with doleful screams.  
Such things to be expected were by me,  
Even from the time when (fool!) I impiously  
Against celestial forms with steel did bound,  
And the right hand of Venus stained with wound.  
Me do not—to such fights do not impel:  
No war for *me* with Trojans since Troy fell!  
Nor the ancient ills joy I remembering.  
Gifts, which to me from native coast ye bring,  
Take back to Ænëas. We once did stand  
'Gainst his rough darts, engaged him hand to hand;  
Me, having proved, believe how great on shield  
He rises, with what force his spear does wield.  
If the Idæan land two men beside  
Had such produced, this had been to betide,—  
Troy to Inachian \* cities had been borne,  
And, fates reversed, Greeks had it been to mourn:  
Whate'er at walls of sturdy Troy the pause;  
That victory of Greeks protracted was

And contest to the tenth year was prolonged—  
To Hector and Ænëas' hands belonged :  
Both for courage famed ; both for arms known well ;  
The latter did in piety excel.  
Let right hands join in league, compassed howe'er :  
With arms to encounter arms—Oh, beware !  
Heard hast thou, best of kings, both the replies,  
And the opinion of the war likewise.

No sooner this the envoy uttered than  
Through the Ausonians' quivering lips there ran  
A varied cadence : as when rocks delay  
Swift streams ; rises a murmur from the current's  
stay ;  
And sound the neighbouring banks with the waves'  
noisy play.

Their minds appeased and glib tongues quieted,  
From high throne the king Gods invoked ; and said :—  
Before indeed, O Latins, I did mean  
To have consulted (better it had been)  
Touching our chief concern ; nor to have met  
In council called when foes the walls beset.  
War, citizens, incongruous we are waging

With progeny of gods: with men engaging  
Invincible that are; whom no fights restrain,  
Nor, conquered even, can they from arms abstain.  
If any trust in the allied arms ye placed  
Of the Ætolians, be it from mind effaced:  
Each his own trust is—but this you see how braced.  
Struck by what ruin all things else lie low—  
'Fore eyes—'mong hands—ye every thing well know.  
No blame!—what greatest valour could and ought  
Did ye—by our whole kingdom's strength 'twas  
fought.

Now, therefore, whither thought perplexed does tend  
I will unfold and briefly tell—attend.  
A tract I have, which, Tiber near, expands  
Far to the west—past even Sicanian lands,  
The Aruncians and Rutulians sow and till  
The rugged hills, and graze parts rougher still.  
This region all and lofty ridge of pine  
To friendship yield of Trojans, and combine  
In league let us, on terms both just and right,  
And partners into kingdom them invite.  
If for this realm their love does so abound,

There let them settle down, and city found :  
But to seek other lands if they find heart—  
And other race—from our soil can depart—  
Let us ships build—Italian oak—a score ;  
Provided they can fill them, be it more ;  
Lies the material all close by the tide :  
Number and size of keels let them decide,  
Brass, hands, and naval implements us find.  
Besides, my words to bear, and league to bind,  
I would have orators a hundred go—  
Latins of first rank ; and branches them also—  
Emblems of peace—in hand stretched forth to hold,  
Gifts bearing—ivory—talents too of gold :  
And the curule chair—and the trabæa—  
Of our sovereignty the insignia.  
Consult ye how things tottering to reclaim.

Then the same spiteful Drancès, whom the fame  
Of Turnus did with envy slant inflame,  
And goad with bitter stings—of riches full  
And in tongue surpassing ; but right hand cool  
In war ; not an adviser mean esteemed  
In councils ; powerful in sedition deemed ;

The mother's rank on him high birth bestowed,  
Descent uncertain by the father flowed—  
Rises he, and wrath with these hard words feeds:—  
The counsel not obscure, nor my voice needs,  
Which thou, good king, dost give: to all 'tis clear  
What people's fates intend; but to speak they fear.  
Grant free speech let him, and his airs forbear,  
By whose unlucky auspice, ways unfair  
(Though arms and death be threatened speak I dare)  
We see so many stars of leaders fall,  
And wrapt the city in funereal pall:  
Whilst, to flight trusting, Trojan camp he tries  
And even the heavens with his arms defies.  
One gift to those which thou bidst to be sent,  
In number many, and for Trojans meant—  
Yet one more add, O best of kings, nor let  
The violence of any thee beset—  
Daughter on noble son-in-law confer,  
Join thou in nuptials well becoming her,  
And with a lasting bond this peace unite.  
But, if possesses minds and breasts such fright,  
Let us himself beseech, himself implore

Just right to king and country to restore :—  
Why to dangers thus sad citizens expose,  
O source and cause to Latium of these woes ?  
In war no safety : Turnus, we all ask peace—  
The sole inviolable pledge of peace.  
I first, whom thou to thee dost hostile feign—  
And quite content am I so to remain—  
Lo ! I come suppliant : do—pity show  
To fellow citizens—thy wrath forego  
And overswayed desist ; enough we have seen  
Of carnage ; wasted have enough fields green.  
Or if fame thee move ; and if in thy breast  
So great a force of energy does rest ;  
If so set thy heart on palace dowered,—dare .  
And 'gainst the adverse foe a bold front bear.  
Forsooth ! that royal spouse to Turnus fall,  
Vile souls—unburied and unwept—we all  
Must strew the plains ! Even now (if as of old  
Thy sires, force thou and valour cans't unfold)  
Him face to face who challenges behold.

At these words Turnus' violence did flame ;  
He groans, from lowest breast this utterance came :—



Plenty of talk thou, Drancès, hast indeed—  
Abundant—when of hands the war has need.  
First thou when fathers called: but not to fill  
The hall with words required, which thou dost trill  
Magniloquent, what time restrains the foe  
Wall's bulwarks, nor with blood the ditches flow.  
Thunder, as wont, with eloquence profuse,  
And, Drancès, me of cowardice accuse,  
Since heaps so many of the Trojans slain  
Thy right hand has caused and wide the plain  
Has signalized with trophies. Now to try  
What sprightly valour can—given happily:  
Not distant far the foe is to be found;  
On every side, the walls they do surround.  
Go we against? Why halt'st? Shall thy Mars, say,  
In glib tongue consist and swift feet alway?  
Craven I!—O basest, who deservedly  
Will me accuse as craven, who will see  
Swollen Tiber with the Trojan blood increased;  
Evander's whole house with the stem surceased;  
And the Arcadians from arms released?  
Me Bitias and huge Pandarus not so

Did find ; and thousand others whom below  
To Tartarus I victor one day sent,  
Within walls closed and hostile rampart pent.  
In war no safety !—Such things, fool, proclaim  
To the Dardanian chief in thy own name.  
Therefore all things to trouble ; men to make cower  
Great fear withal cease not, and the power  
Of a twice conquered nation to bepraise,  
On the other hand Latinus' arms to abase.  
Do chiefs of Myrmidons \* Troy's arms now dread ?  
Achilles Larissæan \* ? Diomèd ?  
From Hadrian waves has Aufidus back fled ?—  
Even when base slanderer is fear displaying  
Of me, and by his fear more guilt betraying !  
Never such sprite shalt lose by hand of mine :  
Fear not ; dwell may't—be in that breast of thine.

Now, sire, to thee and counsels I apply.  
If thou no further dost on arms rely ;  
If we are so forsaken, and when line  
Is once reversed we utterly decline,  
Nor hope allowed misfortune to amend—  
Peace let us beg ; right hands unarmed extend.

Yet O ! if aught of wonted manhood here,  
He before others would to me appear  
Both in his labours fortunate to be,  
And marked by soul's superiority,  
Who, that he might not such a thing behold,  
Would dying fall and instant bite the mould.  
But if means ours, and youth untouched as yet,  
Italian cities, peoples to abet ;  
If glory with much blood to Trojans came—  
Their own deaths theirs, storm passed o'er all the  
same—

Why faint unseemly on first threshold ? Why  
Tremour, before trump's blast, limbs occupy ?  
Time, and toils varied of life's changeful state  
Have served things many to ameliorate :  
Men many sportive fortune has disgraced,  
And visiting alternate has replaced.  
The Ætolians nor Arpi aid will be :  
But Messapus will, and for augury  
Tolumnus famed, and leaders whom have sent  
Peoples so many ; nor small complement  
Of glory will attend the chosen bands

In Latium levied and Laurentian lands.  
There is of an illustrious race, beside,  
Volscian Camilla—her country's pride—  
Leading a troop of horse (an army seeming)  
And foot battalions in brass armour gleaming.  
But if me sole Trojans for fight demand,  
And I so much the common good withstand,  
Not so has conquest fled these hands that I  
Should for such object aught refuse to try—  
I shall against him go most willingly;  
Tho' he the great Achilles represent,  
And in like armour Vulcan-made, be pent.  
In courage to no sire of second note,  
I Turnus do to you this life devote  
And father-in-law Latinus. Me eh!  
Æneas calls: and let him call I pray;  
Nor—if such Gods' ire—death Drancès rather share;  
Nor—if to be won renown—the glory bear.  
    Whilst they 'bout doubtful things strife thus were  
    proving,  
From camp Ænèas armed array was moving.  
With tumult great lo! news through palace thrills,

And city with great consternation fills—  
That Trojan and Tyrrhenian forces bending  
From Tiber's stream were o'er whole plain descend-  
ing.

Minds of the populace and breasts were straight  
Disturbed and shaken ; wrath fierce does them inflate :  
Arms they in haste demand ; the youth arms shout :  
The fathers loud lament and murmuring doubt.

A clamour great on all sides here does spring  
And makes the air with discord various ring.

As when by chance upon some forest high

Alighted has of birds great company ;

Or, by Padusa's fishy stream, notes harsh

Hoarse swans give forth across the babbling marsh.

Yes!—council call, O citizens, and praise

Peace as ye sit !—Turnus, time seizing, says—

Armed 'gainst the state they rush ! Nor speaking  
more

He from high dome his steps excited bore.

Thou, Volusus, bid troops Volscian armed be,

And lead, he says, Rutulians : do ye,

Messapus and (with brother) Coras, shed

O'er the wide plains the horsemen arméd :  
Let part the gates secure—towers man—the rest  
With me bear arms, subject to my behest.

Forthwith from city all to walls 'tis pressed.  
Latinus council and great projects quits,  
And by the sad emergence grieved—remit :  
Much, too, himself he blames for not complying  
And Ænëas son-in-law allying.  
Others before gates trench ; or stones and stakes  
Supply ; forth trump war's bloody signal breaks  
And hoarse : boys then and mothers in mixed bands  
The walls begirt—last labour all demands.  
The queen, too, by large train of matrons tended,  
To Pallas' fane and lofty towers way wended,  
Gifts bearing ; and companion nigh (the cause  
Of so great ill) the young Lavinia was—  
Her modest eyes upon the ground down cast.  
The mothers follow and the temple vast  
With incense chafe ; and from high sill of door,  
These words in mournful accents they outpour :  
Tritonia,\* virgin, patroness of war,  
Powerful in arms—with hand do thou darts mar

Of Phrygian robber, and him prone lay low  
Upon the ground, and near high gates o'erthrow.

Turnus keen raging girt him for the war ;  
And bristling was—already armed so far—  
With native corslet of brass scales composed ;  
And limbs he had in golden greaves enclosed ;  
Temples as yet were bare ; and to side  
His sword had girded on. Down he does glide  
From lofty citadel ; with gold does glow ;  
In mind exults ; anticipates the foe.  
So 'scapes from stall the horse when bursted chain ;  
Now free at length and gained the open plain,  
Or to the range and kindred herd it hies,  
Or to known stream where used to plunge it flies ;  
And head erected high, it glorying neighs ;  
The flowing mane o'er neck, o'er shoulders plays.

Lo ! him to meet Camilla did incline,  
Attended by a troop from Volscian line ;  
And at the very gate from horse the queen  
Leapt down ; which whole band having seen  
From horses dropped. She then him thus addresses :—

Turnus, if self-trust the brave possesses,  
Dare I—to meet troops Trojan I propose  
And, alone, Tyrrhenian horse to oppose.  
Permit me try with hand war's first hazard—  
Stay thou with foot near walls and city guard.  
Then Turnus, bending on dread maid his eyes:—  
Italy's pride, virgin, (what thanks devise  
Can I to speak—or pay) since thy mind rare  
All things surmounts, with me now labour share.  
As rumour and scouts faithful represent,  
Æneas, shrewd, light horse before has sent  
To scour the plain; himself through mountain-waste  
Comes to the city by the ridge in haste:  
War's frauds I'm planning in wood's hollow way,  
At both vents of the gorge armed snares to lay:  
Do thou in fight oppose Tyrrhenian horse;  
With thee Messapus brave and Latin force  
Will be, and bands Tiburtine; and the care  
Of general contemplate thou to bear.  
He said: for fight Messapus cheers also  
And fellow leaders—and starts 'gainst the foe.  
For fraud and war's devices fitted well



There is, of crooked—winding form, a dell,  
Which a steep, dark with umbrage dense, confines  
On either part : whither small path inclines,  
And narrow straits and rough approaches bear.  
Over this, 'mid watchtowers high in air,  
Upon the mountain's topmost summit lies,  
A plain unknown, which ambush safe supplies  
Whether from right and left you'd join in fights,  
Or vex, and down large stones roll from the heights.  
Hither the youth, by well-known ways conveyed,  
Place seized ; and in the false wood lurking stayed.

Meanwhile Latonia, in the heavenly seats,  
One of her sacred band—swift Opis greets,  
And with a mournful voice these words entreats :—  
Camilla to the cruel war is going,  
O virgin, and in vain with our arms glowing.  
To me endeared she is above the rest ;  
Nor late this love came to Diana's breast,  
Or moved my mind with passing sentiment.  
When Metabus from old Privernum went—  
From kingdom driven for hate and proud-swayed  
might—

He, from the middle fleeing of hot fight,  
An infant bore away companion of his flight,  
And it Camilla called, from mother's name—  
Casmilla—changed in part but yet the same.  
'Fore him, in bosom bearing it, he made  
For ridges far of solitary shade.  
On all sides angry darts were him distressing,  
And Volscian soldiers round diffused were pressing.  
Lo! cross his flight the Amasenus roaming,  
Swollen to the very brim of banks was foaming—  
So great a shower down from the clouds had played.  
He, when to swim preparing, is delayed  
By love of child, and for dear burden fears.  
While weighing all things in his mind, appears  
Suddenly at length this plan best to be,  
Large dart in sturdy hand by chance bore he,  
Solid, of gnarled oak to fire exposed—  
To this, in bark and sylvan cork enclosed,  
He daughter binds—fits to mid spear with care,  
And in great right hand poising speaks thus to air:—  
Virgin, Latonia, of woods bland guardian thou,  
To thee I (father) this as servant vow,

She from the enemy first flight is winging,  
And to thy weapon suppliant is clinging ;  
Thee, goddess, I obtest—accept and seize  
Thy own—now trusted to the inconstant breeze.  
This having said, his arm he backward drew  
And the contorted javelin forth he threw.  
Sounded the waves. Over the swift stream sheer,  
Wretched Camilla flies with whizzing spear.  
But Metabus, while nearer now than ever  
Great band was urging, gives himself to river,  
And spear with virgin, gift to Trivia rare,  
Victorious from the grassy turf did tear.  
To roofs, to walls no city him admitted—  
Nor had he to their savage faith submitted—  
On mountains lone a shepherd's life he passed.  
Daughter here in woods—wild beasts' coverts vast—  
He with brute milk (a mare from herd detaining)  
Nourished—the teats into lips tender straining.  
And when the child with first steps had impressed  
Footprints, her hand with javelin sharp be dressed,  
And shafts from small one's shoulder hung and bow,  
For golden headgear, long pall's vesting show—

O'er back from crown spoils of a tiger went.  
From feeble hand erelong childish darts she sent,  
And with smooth thong round head she wielded sling—  
Strymonian crane or white swan down would bring.  
Mothers throughout Tyrrhenian towns in vain  
Her many wished daughter-in-law to gain :  
Contented with Diana sole, chaste she  
Of darts love nursed aye and virginity.  
I could have wished she had not thus been smit  
With such a war—Trojans to assail thought fit ;  
Dear still and of my train she one might rest :  
But come, since she by cruel fates is pressed,  
Glide, nymph, from heaven and visit Latin soil,  
Where with ill omen they sad fights embroil.  
These take : from quiver draw avenging arrow ;  
Whoe'er with wound shall sacred body harrow—  
Trojan—Italian—with this equally  
Let him by blood atonement make to me.  
Then I, in hollow cloud, corse mourned will bear  
And arms unspoiled to tomb—her country's care.  
She spoke : the nymph through air her mission  
sounded,

Conveyed and by a dark storm-cloud surrounded.  
Meanwhile to walls approached the Trojan force,  
Etruscan chiefs, and army all of horse  
Formed into equal troops: o'er the whole plain  
Neighs prancing steed; and with the tightened rein  
Struggling, to this side and to that side veers:  
Then wide the steel-clad fields bristle with spears,  
And with high peering arms the plain gleams bright.  
Against on plain appear, too, opposite  
Messapus and the Latins hastening,  
And (with brother) Coras, and Camilla's wing;  
And right hands drawn back, their spears afar  
Are stretching forth and brandishing for war.  
Keen grows of men the approach, of horse the neigh.  
And now, within dart's throw advanced their way,  
They both had halted: raising a loud cry  
Forth burst they—foaming steeds spur suddenly;  
Darts, at same time, they pour from either side,  
Thick as snow-shower, and sky with umbrage hide.  
Straightway Tyrrhenus and Aconteus keen,  
With adverse lances straining, contravene—  
The first encounter ruin with loud crash

---

And horse's breast against breast shivering clash.  
In fashion as by thunderbolt umhorsed,  
Or by a weight from warlike engine forced,  
Aconteus headlong falls afar, and there  
His life disperses in surrounding air.  
Forthwith the line is troubled—Latins veer,  
Shields sling on backs, to walls their horses steer;  
Trojans pursue, the troops Asylas leading.  
Already to the gates they were succeeding,  
And again Latins raise to heavens a shout  
And pliant necks of horses turn about:  
Trojans, at full speed borne, retreating flee.  
As when with changing tide the flowing sea  
Now to land hastes and casts o'er rocks its waves  
Foaming; sands farthest, too, in circuit laves;  
Then with a rush, absorbing stones, once more  
Retreats and leaves with ebbing surge the shore.  
Twice Tuscans did to walls Rutulians chase;  
Twice, turned, they shielding backs their course re-  
trace.  
But when for third fight met, of each whole van  
With the other mixed, and man selected man.

Then truly there were groanings of the dying;  
And in deep blood both arms and bodies lying;  
And, mingled with the human carnage, steeds  
Half-dead are rolled; a contest rough succeeds.

Against the horse of Remulus spear cast  
Orsilochus, for he did pause aghast  
Himself to assail—and left behind the ear  
The iron dart infixed: on high does rear  
The courser, raging furious from the blow,  
And breast erect, limbs tosses to and fro  
Impatient of the wound; the man unseated  
On ground is rolled. Catillus \* then defeated  
Iolas: and great in mind, in form great  
And arms—Herminius; in naked state  
O'er head for helm whose yellow hair did flaunt;  
His shoulders naked too; nor wounds him daunt—  
So great he is for darts a target given.  
Trembles the spear through his broad shoulders  
driven,  
And, transpierced, the man with anguish doubles o'er.  
Everywhere diffused appears black gore:  
With steel they funerals cause as they contend,

And seek by wounds an honourable end.

Camilla, quiver-rigged, 'mid deaths delighting—  
One breast seared flat, the Amazon, for fighting—  
Now pliant spears thick from her hand despatches,  
Now with unwearied *right* stout halbert snatches:  
Bow golden and Diana's weapons sound  
On shoulder; and even, if by chance 'tis found  
That worsted she must back retreating go,  
She winged shafts directs, reversed her bow.  
Choice maidens her around: virgin Larina,  
Tulla—axe brazen shaking, too, Tarpeia—  
Italians, whom for pride Camilla chose,  
Helpmates alike in war and blest repose.  
Such Thracian Amazons,\* when Thermodon's stream  
They skirt, and with painted arms in battle gleam—  
Or around Hippolytè, or from far  
When martial Penthesilœa in car  
Returns; and, shouting with great stir, o'er fields  
Exult bands feminine with half-moon shields.

Whom first with dart; whom, cruel virgin, last  
Dost smite? what bodies on earth dying cast?  
Clytius' son Eumenius first—whose breast,



Exposed adverse, she pierced with long lance pressed :  
Blood vomiting he falls ; the gore-stained ground  
Bites ; and expiring turns him on his wound :  
Then Liris slays, and Pegasus likewise ;  
The one when to collect the reins he tries—  
Rolled from gored horse he ; the other whilst he made  
To falling knight and stretched slow hand for aid—  
Headlong they and together sink. To these  
She adds Amastrus, styled Hippotadès :  
And afar follows, with spear urging on,  
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon  
And Chromis : and what darts from hand she sent—  
So many Phrygians fell. Ornitus went  
With untried arms, and on Apulian steed  
Was mounted : he famed hunter was, indeed,  
But warrior now, his shoulders broad invested  
In skin that from a bullock had been wrested ;  
Wolf's gaping mouth, and jaws with white teeth, head  
Dressed ; and spar—light rustic dart—hands armèd :  
'Mid the battalions bustles he in fight  
And by whole head surpasses them in height.  
Him intercepted (nor was this, 'tis true—

The array disturbed—a thing so hard to do)  
She pierced; and o'er him speaks in hostile cue:—  
Hunting wild beasts in woods didst, Tuscan, seem!  
Come has the day that dissipates thy dream  
By woman's steel: this, not light fame, convey  
To fathers' shades—Camilla thee did slay.

Straight she Orsilochns and Butès smites—  
Largest in person they of Trojan knights:  
But Butès opposite she pierced with spear  
'Twixt brigantine and helm, where bright appear  
The rims, and from left shoulder shield depends:  
Whilst in wide circuit driven she fleeing bends,  
With inward sweep she fools as she eschews  
Orsilochns, and erst pursued, pursues;  
Then whilst beseeches he and much entreats,  
She, towering higher, as he suit repeats,  
Stout axe through armour strikes and bones amain:  
The wound besmears his face with tepid brain.

Her meets and halts—the sudden sight did stun—  
Appenine-bred Aunus' warrior son:  
Not last of the Ligurians was he  
Whilst bore the Fates with their duplicity.

And when he sees that conflict by no course  
He can avoid, nor the urging queen divorce—  
With cunning craft fraud setting to devise  
He thus begins :—What so much to surprise  
If woman thou on brave horse dost rely !  
Pursuit forego, and trust thee with me nigh  
On level ground, gird for pedestrian fight;  
Then shalt know whom vain-glory will requite.  
He says : but raging she, with hot shame lit,  
Her horse to an attendant does commit,  
And stands pedestrian in fit arms equipt—  
Drawn sword and buckler bright; dauntless thus  
stript.

But the youth claiming fraud-won victory,  
Himself flies off—not dilatory he—  
And turning rein is borne away at speed,  
And goads with armèd heel the excited steed.  
False Ligurian !—puffed up with pride in vain !  
Bootless by father's arts thou think'st to gain,  
Nor thee will fraud to Aunus safe convey.  
Thus spoke the virgin, and like lightning's play,  
Passes the horse in speed with nimble feet;

Seizes the reins; gives battle opposite;  
And by the blood of foe takes vengeance meet.  
As hawk—bird sacred—from high cliff by flight  
A pigeon soon o’ertakes in airy height;  
Holds caught and with curved talons ’bowels there:  
Gore and torn plumage drop from lofty air.

But watching these things not with careless eye  
Sits Father of men and gods in heaven high:  
Tyrrhenian Tarchon stirs to fight the sire  
And with no gentle goads excites his ire.  
Therefore ’mong slaughter and troops giving way  
Tarchon on horse is borne; the wings does stay  
With various speech, addressing each by name,  
And back to fight them fleeing does reclaim:—  
O ne’er compunctious; dull of spirit aye,  
What fear has seized ye, Tuscans, what dismay?  
A woman sends you straggling, turns these bands!  
Why sword, why useless bear these arms in hands?  
But not to loves and broils nocturnal slow;  
Or, when to choirs Bacchus’ curved pipe does blow,  
Rich cates to expect and cups of copious board.  
This your taste is, this your pursuit adored:

---

Whilst augur bland proclaims the sacred rites,  
And to high grove the victim fat invites.  
Having said this—himself, too, 'bout to die—  
Spurring his horse he into midst does hie  
And Venulus confronts with threatening air ;  
And, from horse pulled with right, foe clasped does bear  
Before his breast, with great force roused, away.  
Rises to heaven a shout ; and turned straightway  
Were eyes of Latins all. Flies o'er the plain,  
Arms and man bearing, Tarchon keen ; and then  
He from his own spear's point the steel does tear,  
And seeks for parts exposed, whither to bear  
Wound fatal : *he* right hand from throat off stays,  
Resisting much, and force with force delays  
As, when flying high brown eagle bears away  
Snatched snake—girt with claws—pierced with nails  
the prey :

Wounded, its sinuous folds winds *serpent* oft,  
Bristles with rough scales, and, mouth reared aloft,  
Hisses ; not less does *bird* it struggling tear  
With hookèd beak—with wings the while flaps air.  
No otherwise does Tarchon bear away,

Exulting, from Tiburtine troop his prey.

Mæonians,\* the example and success  
Of leader having followed, onwards press.  
Then Aruns, due to fates—superior he  
By javelin and by great dexterity—  
Around dogs swift Camilla; and keeps watch  
What may the readiest fortune be to catch.  
Where'er the virgin fierce sweeps mid the array  
He tends, and silent does her course survey.  
Where she victorious track from foe maintains,  
Thither by stealth he quickly turns the reins.  
These sallies, and now these—whole warped career  
He wanders o'er and sly shakes trusty spear.

Sacred to Cybelè, once priest, afar  
In Phrygian arms shone Chloreus as bright star,  
By chance spurred foaming 'steed which veiled costume—

Skin with brass scales, gold-mixed, in form of plume:  
Himself in foreign blue and purple glaring,  
Cortynian darts of Lycian cornel bearing:  
From shoulder sounds bow golden; helm, too, of gold  
The prophet's; and in knot of yellow gold

He gathered had cloak's rustling linen plies;  
Needle-wrought his tunic and limbs' barbarous guise.  
Him the virgin singling out from fight  
Blindly pursued: whether 'twas that she might  
With Trojan arms the temples decked behold;  
Or, huntress, make display of captive gold:  
And incautious she through whole army went  
On prey and spoils with woman's ardour bent:  
When Aruns, chance given at length propitious,  
Spear from ambush throws; and first prays heaven  
thus:—

Greatest of gods, Apollo, guardian thou  
Of sacred Mount Soractè,\* to whom bow  
With reverence we the chief; for whom is fed  
In heap the *piney* glow; and fearless, led  
By piety, we worshippers 'mid flame  
With feet press glowing embers in thy name—  
Grant, Father, from our arms this stain to efface,  
Omnipotent: not slough, or trophy's grace,  
Or spoils of virgin seek I conquering—  
Other deeds to me will glory bring—  
Fall but this dire pest conquered by my blow,

Fameless I pleased will to our city go.  
Heard Phœbus : and part granted in his mind ;  
Part of prayer dispersed in fleeting wind :  
That Camilla, by sudden death dismayed,  
He prostrate should was granted as he prayed ;  
That country great should see him safe brought back  
Was granted not—words swept down stormy rack.

As, then, the spear from hand sent through air  
sounded

Thoughts the troops turned, Volscians all confounded  
Eyes bent on the queen. She herself nought heeded—  
Nor air, nor sound, nor spear through air that speeded—  
Till the dart borne on 'neath seared breast did sink,  
And, driven deep, her virgin blood did drink.  
Friends, hastening up, their mistress 'bout to fall  
Support. Flees Aruns, troubled more than all,  
In mingled joy and dread ; nor on spear to save  
Dares longer trust, nor virgin's darts to brave.  
Just as that wolf which herdsman or large steer  
Had killed, of the bold deed conscious, in fear  
Straight to high mountains devious withdrew,  
Before the avenging darts might it pursue ;



Tail controlling, that with much fear did shake,  
'Neath belly thrust it, and for woods did make :  
Just so did Aruns troubled slink from sight  
And mix in thick of arms—content with flight.

She dying pulls with hand the dart—in vain,  
'Twixt bones of ribs the steel point does remain  
In the deep wound. From lost blood she does fail ;  
Her eyes, too, in death languishing do fail,  
The colour, rosy once, forsook her cheeks.  
Expiring so to one of friends she speaks  
(Acca, most faithful to Camilla aye ;  
With whom she shared her cares), and this did say :—  
Thus far I, Acca, could ; now the fell wound  
Prevails : with shade grow dark 'all things around.  
Haste, and to Turnus my last wish commend—  
That he to fight succeed ; city defend  
'Gainst Trojans : now farewell. With these words'  
sound  
She reins forsook, sliding 'gainst will to ground :  
Then, cold, by degrees she uncoiled body all ;  
Frail neck and head, o'er which was cast death's pall,  
Deposited—arms forever leaving ;

And with sigh to Shades fled spirit grieving.

Then a shout vast indeed strikes welkin bright.  
Camilla prostrate fiercer grows the fight;  
Thick charge at once whole force of Trojan king,  
Tyrrhenian leaders, and the Evandrian wing.

But on a mountain's top erewhile sat high  
And fight watched, dauntless, Opis—Trivia's spy.  
And when 'mid shouts of fierce youth she did see  
Camilla afar with death tried piteously,  
She sighed, and from breast's depths these words set  
free:—

Too much alas! virgin, too much hast paid  
Lending to war against the Trojans aid;  
Nor to have served Diana in lone wood,  
Nor quiver borne—has thee in vantage stood.  
Howe'er, thy queen will not abandon thee  
Unhonoured, now in death's extremity:  
Not 'mong the nations this death void of name  
Nor unavenged shall be sent down to fame:  
Whoe'er thy body has profaned with wound  
Shall suffer death deserved. There was huge mound  
Near mountain high, the tomb of ancient king—

Laurentian Darcennus; and, o'ershadowing,  
A branchy holm-oak graced the earthen heap.  
Here first the beauteous goddess with quick sweep  
Lighted; and Aruns watches from rise high.  
When him she sees in bright arms flaunting nigh,  
Wherefore, she says, diverge? Hither incline;  
Hither come to die; that reward condign,  
Thee by Camilla owed, I may impart:  
Shalt thou even perish by Diana's dart!  
She said: and (Thracian) drew a wingèd arrow  
From gold quiver forth, and, angry, stretched on  
bow;  
And apart pulled till curved ends 'most unite  
And now she touched with hands parts opposite—  
The iron point with left, breast with right—and  
string.  
Straight at once Aruns heard the weapon's ring  
And sounding air—and steel in flesh stuck fast.  
Friends him expiring, groaning, too, his last  
Forgotten leave on the unknown dust of plain.  
Opis her flight takes to high heaven again.  
Queen lost: the first Camilla's light wing flees;

Broken flee Rutulians ; brave Atinas flees.  
Both scattered leaders and bands desolate  
Seek safety—horses turned, to walls make straight ;  
Nor keen, death-bearing Trojans to sustain  
With darts serves any—counter to remain :  
On shoulders tired they back bear bows unbent :  
And shook horse-hoofs plain arid as they went.

To walls is rolled stirred dust in darkling cloud ;  
And, beating breasts, mothers from watchtowers loud  
To stars of heaven a female clamour raise.  
Those, who their rapid course in first amaze  
For open ports had hurried with success,  
A hostile crowd with mingled ranks close press ;  
Nor even do they escape from wretched fate,  
But on the very threshold of the gate ;  
Inside paternal walls ; 'mid safe retire  
Of houses—they, transpierced, their lives expire.  
Part shut the gates ; nor ope for friends a way  
Dare, nor to walls receive them as they pray.  
Most wretched slaughter springs of them with arms  
Defending access—rushing against arms.  
Of the excluded—part, by destruction pressed,

'Fore eyes of weeping parents and distressed  
Into deep fosse are rolled; part, with fury blind,  
Butt at full speed 'gainst gates which strong bars  
bind.

With hand even mothers in the last contest  
(Thus love of country is made manifest),  
As they had seen Camilla, missiles throw  
From walls; with hard oak imitate also,  
With stakes and clubs fire-pointed—arms of steel;  
And for their homes to die are first in zeal.

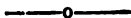
Turnus, meanwhile, in woods hears news most fell,  
And Acca to the youth sad tale does tell:  
That Volscian army had been routed quite;  
That fallen had Camilla; that, filled with spite,  
The foe, advancing with successful arms,  
Had all things seized—fear city now alarms.  
He raging (so Jove's harsh decree requires)  
Quits leaguered hills and from rough grove retires.  
From sight scarce had he gone, and plain attained  
When father Æneas (the open forest gained)  
Had climbed the ridge, and leaves the shady wood,  
So they to city both their way pursued

At rapid rate, and with their forces all ;  
Nor many paces 'twixt of interval :  
At once Ænēas spied the plain afar  
Dust-smoking—saw Laurentian bands of war ;  
And Turnus marked Ænēas' fierce array—  
Heard the approach of men and horse's neigh.  
Straight they had joined in fight and battle tried,  
But rosy Phœbus in the Iberian tide  
Dips horses tired—to Night surrenders sky.  
'Fore city they encamp and fortify.

END OF BOOK XI.



## CONTENTS.—Book XII.



Turnus, observing the Latins to be discouraged by the disastrous events of the previous day, and to be looking to him to fulfil his promise, insists upon meeting Ænéas in single combat. Preparations are made accordingly, and a league most solemnly declared, and agreed to by Ænéas and Latinus. A tumult thereupon arising, fomented by Juturna, the goddess-sister of Turnus and the augur Tolumnus—Ænéas while trying to allay it, is wounded by a dart, and forced to retire. During his absence, Turnus commits great slaughter. At length, by the aid of Venus, Ænéas is enabled to return to the field, and eagerly seeks to encounter Turnus. Juturna, fearing this, dashes the charioteer Metiscus from his seat, and, assuming his place and appearance, steers the chariot of Turnus by devious courses so as to avoid an encounter. Ænéas provoked at being thus baffled, leads his army against the city; when Turnus hastens from a remote part of the plain, where he had been detained by Juturna, and proposes to fulfil the terms of the broken league. Space being immediately cleared, a fierce combat ensues. Turnus falls at last, wounded by the spear of Ænéas; submissively resigns Lavinia; and casts himself on the mercy of the victor; who, infuriated by observing him to wear the belt and girdle of Pallas, despatches him with his sword: and so ends the Æneid.





## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, B. XII.

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Depressed, the Latins him deserted quite ;  
His word now claimed ; himself designed with eyes—  
Implacable he fumes, and his spirits rise.  
Such on the Punic fields some lion found,  
Dashed by the huntsmen with severe breast-wound :  
Its powers at length it stirs, exults in pain,  
Shaking abroad on neck its shaggy mane ;  
Breaks the fixed dart ; and with mouth bloody roars.  
Turnus just so, once roused, his wrath outpours ;  
And thus he king accosts, and fierce implores :—  
In Turnus no delay : nought is there why  
The sluggish Trojans should their words belie,  
Or what they covenanted should reclaim.  
I contravene. Speed, sire, the rites ; league frame.  
Either to Shades I'll send with this right hand

The Trojan fugitive from Asia's strand  
(Let Latins sit and look)—with sword refute,  
Myself alone, cause common in dispute—  
Or his the vanquished and Lavinia bride.

To him Latinus with calm breast replied :—  
O youth of spirit rare, so much the more,  
As thou thyself with courage hot boil'st o'er,  
It me becomes, consulting, heed to pay,  
And, fearing, every hazard well to weigh.  
Sire Daunus' realm and captured towns to thee  
Many belong : wealth and a soul to me.  
Other maids unwed—nor mean race a bar—  
In Latium and Laurentian fields there are.  
Reserve aside, permit me to unfold  
These things by no means pleasant to be told ;  
At same time in thy mind be they enrolled :—  
With none of the ancient chiefs was I allowed  
Daughter to ally ; so Gods and men avowed.  
Swayed by thy love ; by kindred blood o'erswayed  
And sad wife's tears, I of all bonds light made ;  
Her from whom promised snatched ; arms impious  
bore.

From that time what mishaps, nay, Turnus, more—  
What wars thou seest are prosecuting me;  
How great the labours thou bear'st specially.  
Twice vanquished in great fight, to us 'tis hard  
In city even Italian hopes to guard.  
As yet with our blood tepid made again  
Flows Tiber's current, and the extended plain  
Is whitening with our bones (whither range  
So oft! What folly does my object change!).  
If Turnus dead I them would allies make,  
Why strife not rather whilst he lives forsake?  
What would Rutulians, our kindred, say,  
What Italy all, if I did thee betray  
To death (may the event refute my speaking)  
Whilst daughter and alliance nuptial seeking?  
War's fickle chances weigh; old father pity,  
Whom sad far parts Ardëa, native city.

Nowise by words is Turnus' fury swayed;  
It flares the more, and worse by cure is made.  
When speak he could, persistive he did say:—  
What care for me thou (most kind) bearest, pray,  
For me discard: death let me gage for fame.

Darts, sire, we too hurl—steel with right hand aim  
Not powerless—blood even follows from our wound.  
Far off his goddess-mother will be found,  
Who covers him when fleeing with soft cloud  
That he in empty shade himself may shroud.

But the queen wept; at war's new turn dismayed;  
And, 'bout to die, keen son-in-law delayed:—  
Thee, Turnus, by these tears, by regard kind,  
If any for Amata touch thy mind  
(Sole hope of old age thou; the only tower  
Of refuge for me wretched; in thy power  
Latinus' sway and glory rest supine;  
On thee devolved our whole house does recline)  
I one thing beg: with Trojan match decline.  
Whatever fates await thee in that fight,  
Turnus, me too await: this hated light  
I forthwith will abandon, left forsaken,  
Nor see Æneas son-in-law, captive taken.

Heard mother's words Lavinia; whilst tears strayed  
Down burning cheeks; and blush profuse bewrayed  
The inward fire, and o'er chafed face did fly:  
As when one ivory stains with scarlet dye,

Or, mixed with roses, redden lilies white :  
Such tints on face the virgin gave to light.

Him love disturbs, fixed on the maid his gaze ;  
Keener for fight he brief to Amata says :—  
Do not, O mother, do not I entreat  
Press me with tears and omen so unmeet  
When to stern Mars conflict I am going ;  
Nor pause of death, indeed, to Turnus owing—  
Idmon, these my words (herald thou) report  
To Phrygian king—words of no pleasing sort :—  
Soon as with rosy wheels conveyed on high  
Aurora redden shall to-morrow's sky,  
Be not the Trojans 'gainst Rutulians led ;  
Trojan—Rutulian arms deposited,  
With our own blood the war to end be brought—  
Lavinia on that plain for wife be sought.  
He spoke : to house sped ; horses did demand ;  
And joys 'fore him to see them neighing stand  
(Which Orithyia\* gave Pilumnus\* meed ;  
Snow they excelled in whiteness—winds in speed) :  
Smart grooms stand round, with open hands breasts  
clapping,

Encourage them and hair comb necks o'erlapping.  
He then to shoulders fits his coat of mail  
O'erlaid with gold as well as latten pale :  
At the same time fits and for use does test  
Both sword and shield and horns of ruddy crest—  
Sword, which for Daunian sire had Vulcan made  
And glowing dipped in Stygian wave, 'twas said.  
Then, Aruncian Actor's spoil—stout spear,  
Which resting on huge post 'mid hall stood near,  
He seized with force, and quivering shakes in air,  
Vociferating: Now, O spear, that ne'er  
Balked wish of mine—now's the time! (famed in  
fight  
Actor thee once bore—thee now Turnus' right)—  
Him to whelm grant; by force stripped, brigantine  
To rend of Phrygian semi-masculine;  
And to disfigure in the dust the hair  
With heated iron crisped—moist with myrrh rare.  
Thus tossed by Furies, sparks from whole face stream  
Of the ardent youth—fierce with fire eyes gleam.  
Even as when a bull vents bellowings dire—  
First notes of war; whets with horns its ire,

Butting tree's trunk ; and the air with feints affrights  
And, sand dispersing, prelude makes of fights.

Ænëas, meanwhile, rouses Mars no less,  
With mother's armour fierce and eagerness;  
That cease the war should on terms proffered glad.  
Then friends he soothes ; fears of Iûlus sad—  
Fates telling ; and firm message bids men bear  
To king Latinus—terms of peace declare.

Scarce next dawn's rays to mountain tops were  
verging,  
What time Sol's horses from deep sea emerging  
Breathe from elated nostrils forth daylight:  
Near great city's walls meted plain for fight,  
And in centre hearths, and of grassy sods  
Altars for service of the common gods—  
Rutulian men and Trojan were preparing.  
Others the water and the fire were bearing ;  
With linen veiled, with leaves brows girt about.  
Forth comes the Ausonian legion ; bands pour out  
From crowded gates, bristling they with spears.  
Hastening, in varied arms, whole force appears—  
Trojan and Tyrrhenian—in steel arrayed



As if Mars' call to fell war they obeyed.  
Chiefs, too, themselves, whom gold and purple grace,  
'Mid the thousands flit: Mnestheus of the race  
Of Assaracus, and Asylas strong  
And Neptune's son Messapus them among:  
And when each to his place on signal goes,  
They fix in earth their spears, and shields repose.  
With eagerness poured out, the mothers then;  
And the unarmed crowd; and infirm old men—  
On towers and house-tops perched a view command;  
And others take on lofty gates their stand.

But Juno gazing from the high hill's brow,  
Distinguished by the name Albanus now  
(Mount nameless then, nor grace nor glory its),  
Was viewing plain and armies as she sits—  
Laurentians—Trojans—and Latinus' city.  
To Turnus' sister she straight speaks in pity—  
Goddess to goddess who by grace presides  
O'er waters still and rivers' sounding tides  
(On her this dignity had Jove bestowed  
For favour which to high heaven's King she showed):—  
Nymph, rivers' glory, my mind's fondest care,

Thou know'st that of all Latin dames whate'er  
Whom mighty Jove did favour with his grace  
I thee preferred, and pleased in heaven gave place.  
Juturna (blame me not), thy sorrow hear:  
Whilst fortune it to suffer did appear  
And things to Latium Fates allowed to yield,  
I Turnus and thy city's walls did shield:  
Unequal powers the youth I now see facing—  
The Fates' own day and hostile force menacing:  
Nor fight nor league can I with eyes behold.  
If for a brother any thing more bold  
Thou darrest—onward! thee it does behove—  
Haply the wretched may things better prove.  
Scarce said: when from Juturna's eyes tears pressed,  
And thrice with hand—four times she beat fair breast.  
Not time for tears! Saturnian Juno says—  
Haste, brother snatch from death, if any ways:  
Or war do thou excite; burst league intended—  
I author of the daring. Having ended  
Her counsel so, she left her both perplexed  
And with the sad wound of her mind sore vexed.

Arrive, meanwhile, the kings. With great parade



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With whom Tyrrhena, faithful spouse, had graced  
Arcadian Gylippus—so many given—  
To midst of one of these fleet dart came driven,  
Where by the friction worn stitched girdle slides,  
And clasp with bite knits joinings of its sides—  
Transpierced the ribs, and on dark sand did lay  
The youth, by beauty marked and armour gay.  
But the brothers—a bold and grief-stirred band—  
Their swords part draw, part snatch with eager  
hand  
Their missile arms, and rush they know not where :  
'Gainst whom the troops Laurentian forward bear.  
Then stream again the Trojans in dense swarms,  
Tuscans, Arcadians, too, with painted arms—  
One great desire of fight all so possesses.  
Down they altars pull ; through the whole air presses  
A tempest wild of darts ; and to lower  
With sudden gloom is seen an iron shower.  
Cups, hearths they bear. Himself Latinus fled  
Back bearing baffled gods—league unfinished.  
Others chariots rein ; or their bodies rear  
On steeds by leap, and with drawn swords are here.

Messapus, keenly bent league to confound,  
With horse opposed Aulestès scares from ground—  
Tyrrhenian king; crest bearing, too, of king.  
He miserable falls when thus retiring,  
And on the altar that withheld in rear  
Is head and shoulders rolled: but up with spear  
Hastes keen Messapus, and with beam-like reed  
From above thrusts him as he much does plead—  
Wound grievous high from horse dealt; and thus  
vaunted:—

He has't— to Gods this better victim granted !  
Italians haste, spoils from warm members tearing.  
From altar Chorinæus plucks brand flaring,  
And meets Ebusus, who against him came  
Wound bringing, and his face o'erwhelms with flame :  
His huge beard flashed ; and a stench, half burnt,  
shed :

Advanced, he hair of foe while troubled  
With left hand seizes, and, with pressed knee, low  
Brings him to earth with struggling great, and so  
With rigid sword on side strikes fatal blow.  
Podalirius with drawn sword pursuing

The shepherd Alsus, who, the darts eschewing,  
In front of line was making speedy track—  
On him impended: *he*, axe drawing back,  
Forehead and chin of adversary hews,  
And with wide-scattered brain his arms bedews:  
Hard rest and iron sleep oppress his eyes,  
And in eternal night they close—he dies.

Pious Ænëas hand unarmed stretched out,  
Naked his head; and thus to his men did shout:—  
Whither rush ye? Whence does this fray proceed?  
O! hold your fury; league now struck; agreed  
Conditions all: to me alone the right—  
Permit me and your fears dismiss—to fight:  
I will with hand the league confirm, unite:  
To me these sacred rites now Turnus owe.

Amid these words, 'mid this utterance lo!  
A winged shaft came whizzing to the man:  
By what hand driven; from what force it ran;  
What to Rutulians did such glory bring—  
Or chance, or god—still an uncertain thing:  
Fame to the illustrious deed has not been granted,  
Nor of Ænëas' wound has any vaunted.

When Turnus sees Ænëas from field going,  
And leaders troubled, he fires with fresh hope glowing.

Horses at once he proud and arms demands ;  
Mounts chariot with a leap ; grasps reins with hands.  
Many brave men to death he flying sends ;  
Many he overwhelms half-dead ; or rends  
The ranks as chariot he amongst them steers ;  
Or hurls against them fleeing grappled spears.  
As when bloody Mars, by cold Hebrus' stream,  
Excited rattles shield ; and his furious team  
Provoking, drives to battle with free rein :  
Fleeter than winds they scour o'er level plain,  
Remotest Thrace with beat of feet does sound ;  
And shapes of gloomy Fear are hovering round,  
And Wraths, and Snares—the fell god's retinue.  
So amid fights does Turnus fierce pursue  
And foaming horses urges o'er the plain,  
Insulting miserably o'er foes slain :  
The rapid hoofs abroad dews bloody shed,  
And gore is trodden with sand mingled.

Now Sthenelus and Thamyris he slew,

And Pholus : close encountering the last two ;  
The first afar ; the Imbrasidès afar—  
Glaucus and Ladès—whom Imbrasmus for war  
In Lycia reared, and did alike equip  
Either to fight, or winds with horse to outstrip.

That way Eumedès to mid fights was bent,  
The anciènt Dolon's son\*—for war eminent ;  
In name grandsire, in mind and hands resembling  
Father (who erst, when to Greek camp dissembling  
He as a spy was going, even did dare  
Pelidès' chariot ask for prize to bear ;  
Him Dioméd awards another prize,  
Nor for Achilles' horses more he sighs).  
When Turnus him afar spies o'er plain wending—  
An arrow swift through the long void first sending—  
He stops his two-horse team, and quick forsakes  
His chariot with a leap ; and straightway makes  
To him half-dead and fallen ; and, his foot pressed  
On neck, the sword does from his right hand wrest,  
And, deep in throat thrust, does its brightness stain ;  
And him besides addresses in this strain :—  
Lo ! thou the fields art measuring prostrate, meek—

Hesperia, Trojan, which with war did'st seek :  
Such rewards bear they who with arms to bound  
'Gainst me have dared—so they do cities found.  
Comrades to him, he does with spear dismiss  
Butès first, and Chloreus, and Sybaris,  
And Darès, and Thersilochus—and, cast  
O'er neck of stumbling horse, Thymcetes last.  
And as when Thracian Boreas' tempests roar  
Upon the deep Ægæan, and to shore  
Pursue the waves—whither the winds their force  
Direct, clouds take in flight through heavens their  
course :

So way whate'er he steers, to Turnus yield  
The bands, and, line reversed, rush o'er the field :  
Him chariot bears with speed rapid pressed,  
And the breeze meeting shakes his flying crest.  
Phegeus his urgent fury could not stand :  
Chariot he confronts ; and with right hand  
The excited horses seized as swift they glide  
And turned with reins their foaming mouths aside.  
As he was dragged and from the yoke depended  
The long lance reaches him while undefended ;

Infix'd, the double brigantine runs through ;  
And taps with wound the body's surface too :  
Turned, ne'ertheless, against foe he was hieing  
With shield opposed ; sword drawn, for help was  
crying,

When with excited axle thundering near  
The wheel him headlong forced in swift career  
And strewed upon the ground. Turnus ensuing,  
The opening 'twixt helm's lowest borders viewing  
And corslet's upper rim, him then bereft  
Of head with sword ; the trunk on sands he left.

Whilst Turnus thus victorious o'er the plain  
To death consigning was these bodies slain,  
Mnestheus, meanwhile,—with him Achates true  
And, companion close, Ascanius too—  
Replaced in camp Ænëas, blood displaying  
And with long spear his steps alternate staying.  
He frets ; and, broken reed, strives barb to elicit ;  
And, promptest means of aid, does them solicit  
Wound with sword to cut, and retreat open quite  
Of dart ; and back himself send to the fight.

But now, to Phœbus more than others dear,

Iapis, styled Iasidès, was here :  
To whom, when erst with great affection smit,  
Himself Apollo, cheerful, did submit  
Choice of his own arts—each his special gift—  
Augury, and lyre, and use of arrow swift.  
He, that he might a parent's fates delay,  
Who bedrid and sick, and despaired-of lay,  
The powers of herbs, practice of cures to know  
Preferred—mute arts to ply, and fame forego.

Ænèas, fuming, on huge spear supported  
Stood ; by crowd of youths thither that resorted,  
And by Iulus grieving, and the tears—  
Immovable. He—the sage grave with years,  
Girded about with garment twisted back  
In Pæonian fashion, exerts each knack,  
Much bustling with hand medical in vain  
And with the potent herbs of Phœbus : vain  
To start the barb he it with right hand teases  
And the iron with tenacious forceps seizes :  
Not any fortune good the way guides ; nought  
Avails him all Apollo (master) taught.  
And more and more increases on the plain



The horror wild—the evil nearer : then  
Sky stand in dust they see ; approach the knights,  
And in mid camp descending are dense flights  
Of darts ; to heaven a clamour goes appalling  
• Of youths contending, and 'neath stern Mars falling.

Then Venus, with son's grievous sorrow struck,  
On Cretan Ida dittany did pluck—  
Stem with leaves full-grown and with bloom superb  
Hanging : not to wild goats unknown that herb  
When arrow swift has in their hide stuck fast :  
This Venus (with dark cloud her form o'ercast)  
Brought ; this she, unseen doctoring, does strain  
O'er liquid dark, which bright cups did contain—  
Juice of the ambrosia salubrious  
Sprinkles—panacea odoriferous.

With that lymph old Iapis cherishèd  
The wound, unconscious : straight from body fled  
All pain ; in bottom of the wound did stand  
All blood ; the barb now following the hand,  
Without force used, itself did extricate ;  
And, renewed, his powers returned to former state.  
Quick, the man furnish arms. Why stay ? exclaimed

Iapis—first 'gainst foe their minds inflamed—  
Not by human means, not by a master's slight  
This falls ; nor thee, Ænēas, my own *right*  
Does serve—one greater acts— a God thee tends,  
And thee to greater works again back sends.

He for fight eager had his thighs enclosed  
On either part with greaves of gold composed ;  
And spurns delays ; and quivering spear does wield.  
And, when to side he fitted had his shield,  
And brigantine to back, his arms he threw  
Around Ascanius, to bid adieu ;  
Embraces him, and through the helmet's stays  
Smacking his lips' extremities, he says :—  
Learn, boy, from me courage and toil severe ;  
Fortune from others ; not long shall't be ere  
My right hand thee will place defended, freed  
From war ; and will to great rewards thee lead.  
See thou, that when anon maturity  
Thy age shall reach—see that thou mindful be ;  
And the examples of thy kin recalled, let sire—  
Ænēas, and uncle Hector thee inspire.

Having said this he parts, through gate way taking,

Huge himself, and in hand a huge spear shaking:  
Anteus, at once, and Mnestheus, too, rush out  
With a great band; flows from void camp whole  
rout:

The plain is marred with dark dust roused from seat;  
And the earth trembles, by tread waked of feet.

Turnus from rise confronting saw them coming;  
The Ausonians saw; and tremour chill—benumbing  
Ran through their very bones: the first of all  
Juturna heard—the Latins did forestall—  
And the sound knew; and trembling fled amain.  
Flies he and hurries dark band o'er broad plain.  
And as when to the land moves o'er mid sea  
A black storm-cloud—sky bursted suddenly—  
Fear thorough wretched husbandmen does thrill,  
Their minds afar anticipating ill:


Alas! sigh they, 'twill cause to trees downfall;  
To crops destruction; widely ruin all:  
Winds it precede and bear to shore the sound.  
Such like the Rhœteian\* hero found

Against the adverse foe his army leading.

They both with wedged battalions proceeding

Converge: Tymbræus smites with sword the grave  
Osiris: *Mnestheus* Archetius; with glave  
*Achatès* Epulo decapitates  
And to Gyas falls Ufens—'neath like fates:  
Himself Tolumnus (augur) falls also,  
Who first dart hurled against the adverse foe.  
Rises to heavens a shout: in turn reversed  
Rutalians dusty backs show—wide dispersed.  
Himself nor deigns in death the averted strew;  
Nor 'gainst the advancing with like step to go—  
Nor wielding darts—for Turnus sole he pries  
Through murk—him sole for fight crave searching  
eyes.

Juturna, the virago, with this fear  
In mind smit, dashes Turnus' charioteer—  
Metiscus, 'mong the very thongs, from car  
And leaves him where he fell from team afar:  
Herself his place assumes; controls reins trembling;  
In all Metiscus—voice—shape—arms—resembling.  
And as when swallow dark round great dome flies  
Of wealthy lord, thwart lofty hall wings plies,  
Culling small food to sate its nestlings' cries:



And now, in vacant porticoes does sound  
Its note ; and now, the humid pond around :  
Juturna such, by horses borne 'mid foes,  
Flying with rapid car through all things goes :  
Exulting brother here, now here displays  
Nor suffers to engage—flies far devious ways.

Not less Ænêas the curved orbs does scan,  
And keenly searching tries to meet the man ;  
And through ranks broken sends loud summons' blast.  
As often as on foe his eyes he cast  
And wingèd horses' flight with course he tried,  
Juturna reined as oft veered car aside.  
Alas ! What do ? On varied tide in vain  
He sways, and divers cares his rent thoughts strain.  
'Gainst him Messapus—as by chance he bore  
Two lithe darts in left, light for running wore,  
One of these wielding with sure aim directs.  
Ænêas stood, and himself all collects  
'Neath shield—gently on his knee subsiding :  
Nevertheless, hurled spear swiftly gliding  
The summit of his headgear bore away—  
The tops of crests from crown dashed on earth lay.

Then flares his ire. By treachery aggrieved,  
When chariot and horses he perceived  
Back to be borne reversed, much Jove obtesting,  
And altars of the broken league attesting,  
He now at length the midst of foes assails,  
And terrible, with Mars favouring, prevails;  
Fell slaughter stirs no more distinguishing,  
And free reins to his anger forth does fling.  
What God such cruel haps—what God in verse  
The varied carnage could to me rehearse,  
And deaths of leaders, whom in turn o'er plain  
Now Turnus, now Troy's hero adds to slain.  
That in such strife should meet—did Jove decree—  
Peoples in peace eternal leagued to be!

Ænéas without much delay does smite  
On side Rutulian Sucre [that first fight  
Restored the wavering Trojans to their ground]  
And, where death speediest awaits the wound,  
Thrusts the fell sword through ribs—defence of  
breast.

Turnus Amycus does of life divest  
When fallen from horse; Diorès too his brother:

With spear one when advancing, and the other  
With sword; and the heads of the two off lopping  
Suspends from car and bears away blood dropping.  
*That* Talus, and Tanais, and the brave  
Cethegus—three to death at one brush gave—  
And sad Onythès—Echionian name—  
For source Paridia mother who did claim.  
*This* Lycian brothers—from Apollo's fane;  
And Arcadian Menœtès; who in vain  
Wars hated; poor home his, and erst he plied  
His quiet art by fishy Lerna's side;  
Unknown to him the doings of the great—  
His father wont hired lands to cultivate.  
And as, from different parts sent, fires do rove  
Through arid wood or crackling laurel grove;  
Or when with rapid course down mountain high  
Sound foaming streams, and to the levels fly—  
Each its own way scouring; not with less flush  
Ænéas and Turnus each through battles rush:  
Now, now within them fluctuates their ire—  
Rent are their breasts, not knowing to retire;  
Now against wounds they go with powers entire.

*This*, with great stone—huge fragment of a rock,  
Murranus strikes—like thunderbolt the shock—  
Headlong from car ; and pours out on the ground ;  
As he old names of ancestors did sound  
And of whole race from Latin kings descended :  
Him the wheels rolled—'neath reins and yoke extended ;

Hoofs of keen horses, too, with frequent tread—  
Regardless of their lord—him trampled.

*That* Hyllus meets, rushing and wild in heart  
Raging ; and to his golden temples hurls a dart :  
In brain through helm fixed the spear did stand.  
Nor, of Greeks bravest, Creteus, thee right hand  
Did from Turnus guard ; nor his own Gods save  
Cupentus as Ænëas came—he gave,  
Hapless, his breast to the advancing sword ;  
Nor any aid did brazen shield afford.

Æolus, too, thee Latium's plains saw die  
And on earth prostrate with broad back to lie :  
Thou fall'st whom not ranks Argive could lay low—  
Achilles, Troy's destroyer, not o'erthrow :  
Here thy death's goal ; 'neath Ida house did stand ;





House at Lyrnessus ; tomb on Latian strand.

Whole armies now commingled ; Latins all ;  
All the Dardanidæ ; Mnestheus withal  
And keen Serestus ; and Messapus too—  
Well skilled the knight wild horses to subdue—  
And brave Asylas ; and the Tuscan force ;  
And the Arcadian Evander's horse.  
The men, for self each, strive with utmost might ;  
Nor stop, nor rest ; contend they in vast fight.

Then sent Ænëas' mother, " the most fair,"  
The thought that he should to the walls repair--  
Turn to the city quickly his array  
And Latins with unlooked-for sack dismay.  
As he through divers ranks for Turnus pries—  
Hither his gaze, now thither turns—he spies  
Free from war the city in untroubled rest ;  
Straight image of fight greater him possessed.  
He Mnestheus and Sergestus calls, and keen  
Serestus : and rise mounts, whither convene  
The rest of the Trojan legion ; nor aside  
Their shields or spears they lay, but dense abide.  
In midst, on high mound standing, he does say :—

To my commands let there be no delay  
(To this move Jupiter does firm incline)  
Nor any falter—sudden tho' my design.  
The city—cause of war—I will this day—  
Latinus' very kingdom prostrate lay  
And level smoking roofs with earth's extent,  
Unless they, conquered, yoke to bear consent.  
I, forsooth! may wait till it Turnus please  
To abide our arms, and he fitting sees  
(Worsted) to have to single fight recourse!  
This, O citizens, the head—this the first source  
Of the impious war: quickly bear ye in hand  
Torches, and with flames terms of league demand.

Vieing in zeal each other to surpass,  
They wedge form and to walls rush in dense mass:  
Ladders, all of a sudden, and fire appear.  
Some to the gates in haste their steps do steer,  
And massacre the first they encounter there;  
Others darts hurl—with missiles cloud the air.  
Foremost, himself Æneas waves right hand  
To walls; and does Latinus reprimand,  
And Gods attest that forced again he goes

To battle ; Italians twice have proved his foes ;  
That this the second league has broken been.  
'Mong trembling citizens springs discord keen,  
Some to unbar the city make demand  
And ports to the Dardanidæ expand ;  
And e'en to battlements, king haling, tend ;  
Others arms bear and 'gin the walls defend.  
As when bees enclosed in a time-worn rock  
Shepherd has traced, and it filled with fell smoke:  
Within they, for things trembling, run and fret  
Through waxen camp, and ire with loud buzzings  
whet :  
To roof rolls odour foul ; with murmuring rare  
Sounds rock within ; smoke goes to empty air.  
To weary Latins this lot, too, did fall,  
Which struck with grief to core the city all :—  
The queen, when foe she sees to city hieing ;  
The walls beset ; to roofs the fires flying ;  
Nowhere Rutulian army to oppose,  
Nor Turnus' bands—unhappy does suppose  
The youth in strife of fight extinguishèd ;  
And suddenly with great grief troublèd

The cause herself proclaims of ills—blame—source,  
And (crazed with woe) as she does much discourse,  
Her purple dress with hand tears, 'bout to die,  
And noose of hideous death hangs from beam high.  
When this sad hap to Latin dames was borne,  
Lavinia first, having locks golden torn  
And rosy cheeks, then the crowd all around—  
Rages : with wails whole palace does resound.  
Thence through city all sad rumour spreads ;  
Hearts sink ; Latinus goes, his robe in shreds,  
White hair defiling with foul dust besprent,  
At wife's death stunned and city's detriment :  
And much self blames for not before complying,  
And Troy's Ænëas son-in-law allying.

Meanwhile remote on plain a straggling few  
The warrior Turnus does with car pursue ;  
Now more tardy he, and now less and less  
Elated with his horses' first success.  
To him a clamour comes borne on the wind,  
Commixed with terrors loud but ill-defined :  
Through his attentive ears the sound does ring  
Of troubled city—joyless murmuring.

Ah me! Why troubled battlements with so great  
woe?

Why such great clamour from whole city flow?

This said: in flurry grappling reins he halts.

But with these words his sister him assaults,

As to Metiscus' shape changed, charioteer,

She car and horses with the thongs did steer:—

Let us the Trojans, Turnus, there pursue

Where spreads first victory the way to view;

Others there are homes able to defend.

Ænéas sacks the Italians—fights does blend;

Fell deaths to Trojans let us, too, excite:

In number thou, nor honour of the fight

Inferiour shalt retire. Turnus replies:—

Thee, sister, I long since did recognise,

When first by artifice thou league didst mar,

And when thou didst commit thee to this war;

And, Goddess, now thou counterfeit'st in vain.

But who did thee, from Heaven sent, ordain

Such toils to bear? Was it that thou might'st see

The cruel death of wretched brother—me?

For what am I accomplishing? Or now

To me what fortune safety does avow ?  
I have, with my own eyes, seen sink in death  
Murranus—me invoking with last breath ;  
Than whom none dearer does survive the dead ;  
Great he, and by a great wound conquerèd.  
Falls wretched Ufens, lest he might behold  
My shame—both corse and arms the Trojans hold.  
Suffer shall I (things *that* alone did lack)—  
The city bear to be destroyed by sack ?  
Nor words with hand refute of Drancès lying ?  
Back show ? And shall this land see Turnus flying ?  
Is to die so sad ! O ye Gods below,  
Kind be ; since me no favour High Gods show.  
Sprite pure, nor with that shame stained, I'll to you  
Descend—never to great sires prove untrue.

These words scarce had he utterèd, when lo !  
Approaching seen, wounded in face with arrow,  
On foaming steed flies Sagès through mid foe ;  
And, rushing, by name begs of Turnus aid :—  
Turnus, have pity : on thee last hope is stayed.  
Thunders in arms Ænèas—threats that he  
Will raze high citadel of Italy ;

Even now to roofs the flaming brands are flying:  
Latins to thee turn faces—eyes relying,  
Himself Latinus king doubts which to invite  
As son-in-law—in league which to unite.  
Besides, to thee most faithful aye, the queen,  
By her own hand fallen, scared has left the scene.  
Only Messapus, and Atinas brave  
Before the gates the line of battle save:  
Encircling them around on every hand  
The armed battalions in close order stand:  
With drawn swords bristling is a field of steel;  
Whilst on deserted sward thou car dost wheel.

At varied picture of the things astounded,  
Turnus stood motionless—in mind confounded,  
Nor word to Sagès in reply addressed;  
But stood with silent stare: boils deep in breast  
Shame great; and madness mixed with grief; and  
tossed

By furies love; and valour once his boast.

Soon as the shadows fled and light returned  
To mind, the orbits of his eyes that burned  
Towards the battlements he troubled bent—

Back to great city glances keen he sent:  
And lo! with flames, through the planked stories  
    rolled,  
To heavens did stream whirled smoke and tower in-  
    fold—  
Tower which himself with compact beams had made,  
And wheels subjected, and high bridges laid.  
Fates, sister, now prevail! Cease me to stay:  
Whither calls god or fortune hard—my way!  
Resolved 'tis—meet Ænēas hand to hand:  
Resolved—whate'er death has of bitter stand,  
Nor, sister, shalt me see inglorious more—  
Permit me vent this fury, pray, before.

He spoke: and quickly leapt from car to ground—  
Through enemy, through flying darts did bound;  
And his sorrowing sister he forsakes,  
And the mid ranks in rapid course he breaks.  
As, when torn by winds from hill-top away,  
Rushes a rock upon its headlong way—  
Whether much washed it was by showers that rage,  
Or by years loosened in slow waste of age—  
Down steep huge mass is carried with great force



And bounds o'er earth, involving in its course  
Woods, herds, and men : through the dispersed ranks  
so

Rushing to city's walls does Turnus go ;  
Where with shed blood the most is wet the land,  
And air with darts most hissing ; and with hand  
He signal makes, and voice at once does strain :—  
Hold, Trojans, now : ye Latins, too, abstain  
From darts ; whate'er the fortune, 'tis my own :  
Better that I for you, myself alone,  
Contend with arms and for marred league atone.

From centre all withdrew—space open clearing.  
But sire Ænëas, name of Turnus hearing,  
Forsakes the walls—the lofty towers forsakes,  
And all delays precipitates—off breaks  
From operations all, with gladness bounding,  
And thunders awfully with arms sounding :  
Great as Mount Athos, or as Eryx great,  
Or as himself sire Appeninus great,  
When he with waving oaks sounds and rejoices,  
Rearing peak snowy mid the aerial voices.

Eagerly now their eyes turned, several—

Rutulians, Trojans, and Italians all :  
Both those who the high battlements were guarding,  
And who with rams were lowest walls bombarding,  
And arms from shoulders they deposited :  
Himself Latinus, moping marvelled  
That, born where different parts of sphere extend,  
Men of huge size should meet—with arms contend.

But, seeing that with vacant surface lay  
Plain spreading wide, in career rapid they,  
Having their javelins hurled from afar,  
With sounding shields of brass engage in war.  
Groans earth ; with swords they frequent blows repeat—

Fortune and prowess undistinguished meet.  
In Sila's grove or on Taburnus high  
As to the deadly combat two bulls fly  
With adverse fronts : scared herdsmen disappear ;  
Stands the whole herd, dumb-stricken they with  
fear ;  
And heifers ruminant, with lowings hollow,  
Which may the cattle lead—whole herd which follow :  
*They* mutual wounds with great force intermix,

And, pushing resolutely, horns infix;  
And necks and shoulders with blood copious stain—  
The whole wood with loud growlings rings again.  
Rushing just so, their shields held opposite,  
Ænéas and the Daunian hero meet.

With crash immense is filled the lofty air.  
Holds Jupiter himself of scales a pair—  
Beam poised—and fates of both puts in to show  
Whom toil may balk—which scale with death sink  
low.

Turnus just then, no evil apprehending,  
Bursts forth, and rises with whole body—lending  
Force to the sword reared high, and strikes a blow.  
Shout Trojans; trembling Latins shout also;  
Aroused the armies were of both: but breaks  
The faithless sword—him keen 'mid stroke forsakes.  
Flight comes to aid: swifter than wind he flees,  
As he strange hilt and naked right hand sees.

Fame bears, that when yoked car he was ascend-  
ing

For the first fights, he had without attending,  
And in his haste, sire's weapon left in rear

And sword seized of Metiscus, charioteer :  
And it for long sufficed while straggling backs  
The Trojans showed : but when it came to cracks—  
With the god's arms Vulcanic had to do—  
Mortal blade in splinters like glass brittle flew :  
Gleam on the yellow sand the fragments bright.

Therefore on plain seeks Turnus devious flight—  
Now here, now there, in varied orbs does spin ;  
For Trojans with dense circle hemmed him in,  
And there vast marsh, and there high walls surround.  
No less Ænéas, though from the arrow wound  
Knees sometimes him retard and course refuse,  
Keen pressing foot with foot, him scared pursues.  
As when found by stream enclosed a stag—  
Or by fear beset of red-feathered rag—  
With chase and barkings hunting dog does ply :  
But it of snares afraid and the bank high  
Flees and back flees ways many ; the Umbrian\* bold  
Gaping close pursues, now, now catches hold,  
And catching-like has sound with jaws included,  
And by the fruitless bite has been deluded.

Rises then a shout ; banks, lakes around reply,

And with the tumult thunders the whole sky.  
He flees, and as he flees does loudly blame  
Rutulians all, invoking each by name,  
And does the well known sword of them demand:  
Ænéas threatens, on the other hand,  
Death instant if they should his wish fulfil,  
And them deters, asserting that he will  
The city raze—and, wounded, urges still.  
Five circuits great with running they complete;  
Like number, hither, thither, they repeat:  
For prize, nor light, nor sportive is depending,  
But they for Turnus' life's blood are contending.

By chance had stood an oleaster here,  
To Faunus sacred—erst to sailors dear,  
Whither they, saved from waves, wont gifts to bring  
To Latin god—garb votive hallowing,  
But Trojans had removed the sacred tree,  
Ruthless that fight on vacant plain might be.  
Here stood Ænéas' spear, hither impelled  
'Twas borne, and, fixed, by the tough root was held.  
Strained Dardanidès—wished with hand away  
The missile tear, and him with dart to essay

Whom he by running had not power to reach.  
Then Turnus, smit with fear, does thus beseech :—  
Faunus, he says, I pray thee pity cast,  
And thou, O best of lands, hold weapon fast,  
If I thy honours alway have maintained  
And Trojans, the reverse, with war profaned.  
Nor to vain vows invoked he the god's aid :  
For, struggling long, and by tough trunk delayed,  
Ænëas by no force could make desist  
From hold the lance. Whilst he does keen persist,  
Juturna, in Metiscus' shape once more,  
Springs forth, and sword to brother does restore.  
Enraged that leave bold nymph had this to do,  
Venus approached, and spear forth deep root drew.  
Spirits with arms recovered, high they rear ;  
This bold with sword ; this keen and stern with  
spear ;  
And, from Mars' conflict breathless, fronting stand.  
To Juno, meanwhile, speaks high heavens' king  
bland,  
As from dark cloud she fight views—Latin land :—  
What shall now the end be, wife ? What rests there  
mo ?

Thou thyself knowest—dost confess to know—  
Ænēas to a god changed due the sky,  
And to stars by Fates to be exalted high.  
What schem'st thou? With what hope to cloud dost  
cling?

With wound of mortal a god stain fit thing!  
Restore (sans thee no power Juturna had)  
To Turnus sword, and strength to vanquished add!  
Cease now at length, and by our prayers be bent  
(Nor let such great grief gnaw thee reticent,  
But with thy own sweet lips me oft cares tell):  
The farthest thing has now been come to. Well!  
By land or sea the Trojans agitate  
Thou couldst—dire war kindle—palace violate  
And dash the hymeneal joys with woe.  
Try further I forbid. Jupiter so.

Thus, with look submiss, Saturnian Juno:—  
Because thy will, great Jove, was known to me,  
Turnus and earth I left reluctantly:  
Nor else had'st seen me here alone—be sure—  
Things worthy and unworthy to endure:  
But, girt with flames, near very army standing,

And Trojans to the hostile fight demanding.  
Juturna I confess I did persuade  
To minister to wretched brother aid—  
To dare things greater for his life commend :  
Not howe'er with darts—not with bow contend—  
By Stygian fount's relentless source I swear,  
Sole oath allowed to gods of upper air.  
And now I yield, indeed, fights, tired, forsake.—  
Of thee this—which no law of Fates does break—  
For Latium I implore, for dignity  
Of thy own people : when peace (let it be)  
Erelong with happy marriage they cement,  
To laws erelong and leagues they give assent—  
Bid not the Latins change their ancient name ;  
Trojans become ; Trojans descend to fame ;  
Or men their language change or their array.  
Let Latium—let kings Alban be for aye ;  
With strength Italian great be Roman race—  
Fallen has Troy—with fall the name efface.

Answering, of men and things the author smiled :—  
Thou art Jove's sister—Saturn's\* other child—  
Dost thou such angry billows toss 'neath breast !



But come, and needless fury set to rest :  
Thy wish I grant ; conquered, and willing yield :  
Language, and customs by their fathers sealed  
Ausonians shall keep ; as 'tis name shall be :  
Settle shall Trojans mixed only bodily.  
I mode and rites of sacred things will add,  
And make them Latins all with one speech glad.  
Race thence, with blood Ausonian mixed, shalt see  
Beyond men go and gods in piety :  
No nation thee shall honour equally.  
Nods Juno : and from mind all care joy reft :  
Meanwhile from sky she parted and cloud left.  
Then with himself the Father ponders this—  
Juturna how from brother's fight dismiss.  
Two Pests, 'tis said, there are—Diræ by name ;  
Whom and Megæra, of Tartaræan fame,  
Bore at one birth black Night ; and them did bind  
With like serpents' folds ; wings gave swift as wind.  
These at the throne of Jupiter appear,  
Crossing the threshold of the king severe,  
And terrors they for wretched mortals whet,  
If ere the king of Gods himself does set

Death and diseases awful to prepare,  
Or cities with war merited to scare.  
Down one of these sends Jove from heavenly seat  
And bids for a portent Juturna meet.  
She flies and to earth is borne with whirlwind's speed :  
Just as through fogs by string impelled a reed,  
Which, first imbued with poison virulent,  
(Dart cureless) Parthian has or Cydon sent :  
Hissing and unperceived it glides through shade.  
So bore herself Night's daughter—for earth made.

When she troops Trojan—Turnus' bands did see,  
Into shape warped of small bird, suddenly,  
Which oft, on tombs and dwellings desolate  
Sitting by night, hoots frightful through murk late—  
In form thus changed, near Turnus face the Pest  
Comes and goes sounding—flaps with wings shield,  
crest.

From fright strange torpor limbs relaxed ; up reared  
On head his hair ; and voice to jaws adhered.

When far the Dira's creaking wings she noted,  
Juturna, sad, tears hair that loosely floated,  
With nails face sister marring—breast with fist :

How, Turnus, now can sister thee assist?  
What left me wretched? With what art thy life  
Prolong? Can I such monster face in strife!  
Now, now, I the army leave. Scare me not so,  
Foul birds, erst fearing: flapping wings I know,  
And deadly sound; nor the orders proud 'scape me  
Of mighty Jove. This for virginity!  
Why life immortal given? Why ta'en away  
The alternative of death? Such griefs end for aye  
I had been able now, and through shades to fly  
Brother's companion, mortal still were I.  
Not anything of mine will pleasant be  
To me henceforth, my brother, without thee.  
O what land deep enough for me will rend,  
And goddess down to lowest Manès send?  
This said: with garment green veiled goddess head,  
Much groaning, and in deep stream vanishèd.

Æneas presses on, and spear does sway,—  
Huge, ligneous—and from fell breast does say:—  
What further stop? Turnus, what dost perpend?  
Not in course now—with arms we must contend.  
Turn thee to every shift; muster whate'er

In valour or in art thou hast of rare :  
Wish to the lofty stars on wings to glide,  
And in the hollow earth closed thee to hide.

Head shaking he : Scare not thy words that glow,  
O fierce : the Gods me scare, and Jove—a foe.  
Nor said he more. Huge stone he did descry—  
Stone ancient, huge ; which chanced on plain to lie  
(Landmark 'twas placed to end 'bout lands all frays):  
Scarce it on neck twelve chosen men could raise—  
Such men as Earth produces nowadays—  
Rising higher, and his pace stirred, the hero  
Hurled it, with trembling hand snatched, 'gainst the  
foe.

But he nor running knew himself, nor going  
And huge stone with hand lifting and bestowing :  
Knees falter ; curdles his chill blood with cold :  
Then the stone itself, through the void air rolled,  
Nor space pervaded, nor the whole throw told.  
And as in our sleep, when by languid rest  
Our eyes in nightly watches are oppressed,  
We seem to wish in vain keen course to extend  
And, faint, are in mid efforts forced to end

Not tongue prevails; not wonted powers their due  
In body quit; nor voice nor words ensue :  
To Turnus so, by force whate'er way tried,  
Success the goddess Dira still denied.  
Now various feelings in his bosom raised  
Are coursing : to Rutulians he gazed  
And city; and he hesitates with fear :  
And tremble 'gins to be discharged the spear.  
How 'scape he knows not; what force 'gainst foe  
bear :

Nor car he sees, nor sister anywhere.

Æneas having chance with eyes purveyed,  
Dart fatal 'gainst him hesitating swayed  
And with whole body's force hurled from afar.  
Ne'er stones from battering engine driven in war  
So sound; nor noises booming so surprise  
From thunderbolt. Spear dark like whirlwind flies  
Bearing dire fate: the lowest borders yield  
Of brigantine and orbs of sevenfold shield :  
Hissing it passes through mid thigh. Struck he—  
To earth huge Turnus falls with doubled knee.  
Rutulians rise with plaint; rings whole mount round

And far and wide deep groves send back the sound.

Humble and suppliant, he with beseeching eyes,  
And right hand stretching forth speaks in this wise :  
I have indeed deserved, nor deprecate :  
Enjoy thy fortune. If the wretched fate  
Of father thee can aught affect, I pray  
(Such was sire Anchisès), pity display  
To Daunus' age ; and me, or, should it more  
Thee please, my body, rest of life, restore  
To friends. Conquered thou hast, and, conquered, me  
The Ausonians have seen stretch hands to thee.  
Thy wife Lavinia is : bear not thy hate  
Beyond. Ænéas stood in arms elate,  
Rolling his eyes ; and his right hand he checked :  
And now the speech 'gan him more to affect  
As he delayed, when ah ! huge belt was seen  
On shoulder, and the studded girdle's sheen  
Of the boy Pallas ; whom laid Turnus low,  
Conquered with wound, and device bore of foe.  
When spoils, the monuments of cruel grief,  
He with eyes devoured, furious the chief  
And terrible in ire : Hence with friend's spoils bound

Snatched shalt be from me ! Pallas with this wound—  
Pallas thee immolates by right hand true,  
And of thy wicked blood takes vengeance due.  
This saying, he 'neath adversary's breast  
Buried deep the sword, with furious zest.  
Dying, his members creeping cold invades ;  
And sprite indignant flies with groan to Shades.

FINIS.

## NOTES.

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- 7 *Funeral*—of Pallas.
- 8 *Acheron*—A river of the Infernal Regions: but here denoting those regions.
- 9 *Parrhasian Evander*—Arcadia, from which Evander came to Italy, was sometimes called Parrhasia, from a town of that name founded by Parrhasius, son of Jupiter.
- 19 *City of Great Diomèd*—Arpi in Apulia, Italy, founded by Diomèd, who settled there after the Trojan war. Ambassadors were sent to him by Latinus and Turnus to solicit aid against the Trojans.
- 20 *Ætolian City*—Arpi is so called because its founder, Diomèd, in right of father and grandfather, was king of Ætolia in Greece. The people of Arpi are (a little farther on) called Ætolians.
- Venulus*—The chief of the Embassy.
- City Argyripa*—Name compounded of Argos (capital of Argolis, in the Peloponnesus) and the Greek word "hippos," a horse—the country having been famed for horses. Arpi is the abbreviated form of the name. It was situated in Apulia, called also Iapygia, and near the lofty mountain Garganus, which extends in form of a promontory into the Adriatic Sea. Tydeus, father of Diomèd, being expelled from



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- Ætolia, fled to Argos, where he married a daughter of the King, who became mother of Diomèd. Argos was therefore his native city: and from it he led the Argives to the Trojan war.
- 21 *Minerva's Star*—Arcturus, a star on the tail of the great Bear, whose rising and setting are accompanied with tempestuous weather.
- Caphareus vengeful*—A lofty mountain and promontory of the island of Eubœa, where Nauplius, King of the country, to avenge the death of his son Palamedès, slain by Ulysses, set a burning torch in the darkness of night; which caused the Greeks to be shipwrecked on the coast.
- 22 *Inachian Cities*—Grecian cities: Inachia being a name given to the Peloponnesus; which contained some of the most celebrated cities of Greece—Mycenæ, Sparta, Argos, &c.
- 29 *Myrmidons*—A people of Thessaly—the soldiers of Achillès.
- Achilles Lariææan*—So called from Lariæa, a town of Thessaly subject to him.
- 33 *Tritonia*—Pallas or Minerva—Goddess of Wisdom.
- 42 *Catillus*—Brother of that Coras to whom Turnus gave command in these words—"With brother, Coras," &c.
- 43 *Thracian Amazons*—A nation of famous women, who lived near the river Thermodon, in Cappadocia, a country of Asia Minor—in Asiatic not European Thrace. All their life was employed in wars and manly exercises: their right breast being burnt off for the better use of javelin and bow. They were expert archers: and no greater compliment could be paid to bow or quiver than to call it Amazonian. Hippolytè and Penthesilea were two of their queens. The latter was killed in the Trojan war by Achillès. Strabo, the celebrated geographer, denies that any such community ever existed.

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- 49 *Mæonians*—The inhabitants of Etruria, besides being called Etrurians, Etruscans, Tuscans, or Tyrrhenians—were also entitled Lydians or Mæonians—being descendants of a colony from Lydia in Asia Minor, part of which was named Mæonia.
- 50 *Soractè*—A mountain of Etruria sacred to Apollo (the Sun), who had a grove and temple there. A few families called Hirpiæ, living in the neighbourhood and devoted worshippers of the god, used (according to Pliny) to walk uninjured over burning embers on the occasion of the annual sacrifice. Aruns, it would appear, was one of these.
- 65 *Orithyia*—An Athenian princess, who was carried away to Thrace by Boréas (the North Wind) King of that country. He himself had a celebrated breed of horses, and the country generally was famed for horses—which accounts in some respect for the gift.
- Pilumnus*—ancestor of Turnus, was of divine origin, and was worshipped as a god at Rome. Turnus' horses must have been descendants of those presented to him by Orithyia.
- 72 *Latona's offspring*—Apollo and Diana—the Sun and Moon.
- Janus*—The most ancient Italian King. After death he was worshipped as a god. His temple at Rome was always open in time of war. He was generally represented with two faces—why does not clearly appear.
- 80 *Dolon's Son*—Dolon, when going by night to the ships of the Greeks as a spy, was intercepted by Ulysses and Diomèd, proceeding upon a similar errand to the Trojan lines; and after having, upon the assurance of life, given them all the information they required—amongst the rest that Hector had promised him the chariot and horses of Achilles, in reward of his services, was faithlessly put to death by

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Diomèd, and stripped of his arms, as described in the 10th book of the Iliad.

86 *Rhætēian Hero*—*Ænēas*: so called from Rhœteum, a promontory near Troy.

103 *Umbrian Bold*—The district of Umbria in Italy produced (it appears) a breed of dogs, which, like other great dogs, "had their day"—but whose bite failed sometimes.

107 *Saturn's other child*—Jupiter and Juno were the only children of Saturn.





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